Through the CANADIAN ROCKIES



CANADIAN PACIFIC

WHERE TO STAY

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS IN THE ROCKIES

Banff Springs Hotel
Banff, Alberta
Altitude 4,625 feet

In the heart of Banff National Park. Alpine climbing, motoring and drives on good roads, golf, bathing, hot sulphur springs, tennis, fishing, boating and riding. *Open summer months.* **Special weekly and monthly rates.** *European plan throughout season. American plan during June and September.*

Chateau Lake Louise
Lake Louise, Alberta
Altitude 5,670 feet

Facing an exquisite Alpine Lake in Banff National Park. Alpine climbing with Swiss guides, pony trips, swimming, drives or motoring, boating, fishing. *Open summer months. American plan.*

Emerald Lake Chalet
Near Field, B.C.
Altitude 4,272 feet

Situated at the foot of Mount Burgess, in picturesque Yoho National Park. Roads and trails to the Burgess Pass, Yoho Valley, etc. Boating and fishing. *Open summer months. American plan.*

Hotel Sicamous
Sicamous, B.C.
Altitude 1,146 feet

Junction for the orchard districts of the Okanagan Valley, and stopover point for those who wish to see the Canyons by daylight. Excellent trout fishing in Shuswap Lake. *Open all year. American plan.*

CHALET-BUNGALOW CAMPS REACHED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC

Castle Mountain
Altitude 5,600 feet

By motor from either Banff or Lake Louise. Hiking, fishing, motoring, mountain climbing. *Open summer months.*

Radium Hot Springs
Altitude 3,456 feet

By motor (91 miles) from Banff or Lake Louise. Motoring, fishing, climbing, swimming in hot radium pools. *Open summer months.*

Mount Assiniboine
Altitude 7,200 feet

By trail from Banff. Overnight stop in half-way cabin. Camp is at the foot of Mount Assiniboine (11,860 ft.). *Open summer months.*

Moraine Lake
Altitude 6,190 feet

By motor from Lake Louise. Head of Valley of the Ten Peaks. Trout fishing, pony trails, climbs, etc. *Open summer months.*

Lake O'Hara
Altitude 6,664 feet

By trail from Hector, B.C. Riding, mountain climbing, trips to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa, also to Abbot Pass. *Open summer months.*

Wapta
Altitude 5,190 feet

Near Hector Station. Excursions to Lake O'Hara, Yoho Valley, Sherbrooke Lake, Kicking Horse Canyon, drives. *Open summer months.*

Yoho Valley
Altitude 5,000 feet

By motor from Field or Lake Louise, in one of the loveliest valleys in the Rockies. Takakkaw Falls, Summit Lake, Yoho Glacier, hikes, climbs, pony trips. *Open summer months.*

Canadian Pacific Hotels on the Pacific Coast

Hotel Vancouver
Vancouver, B.C.

Largest hotel on the North Pacific Coast, overlooking the Strait of Georgia, and serving equally the business man and the tourist. Golf, motoring, fishing, hunting, bathing, steamer excursions. *Open all year. European plan.*

Empress Hotel
Victoria, B.C.

A luxurious hotel in Canada's Evergreen Playground, which by its equable climate has become a favorite summer and winter resort. Motoring, yachting, fishing, shooting and all-year golf. Crystal Garden for swimming and music. *Open all year. European plan.*

Canadian Pacific Hotels on the Prairies

Hotel Palliser
Calgary, Alberta

A handsome hotel of metropolitan standard. Suited equally to the business man or the tourist to or from the Canadian Rockies. *Open all year. European plan.*

Hotel Saskatchewan
Regina, Sask.

In the capital of this rich and prosperous province. Golf and motoring. *Open all year, European plan.*

The Royal Alexandra
Winnipeg, Man.

A popular hotel in the largest city of Western Canada, and the centre of Winnipeg's social life. *Open all year. European plan.*

Canadian Pacific Hotels in Eastern Canada

Toronto, Ont. — The Royal York—The largest hotel in the British Empire. *Open all year.*

Montreal, Que. — Place Viger Hotel—A charming hotel in Canada's largest city. *Open all year.*

Quebec, Que. — Chateau Frontenac—A metropolitan hotel in the most historic city of North America. *Open all year.*

McAdam, N.B. — McAdam Hotel—A commercial and sportsman's hotel. *Open all year.*

St. Andrews, N.B. — The Algonquin—The social centre of Canada's most fashionable seashore summer resort. *Open summer months.*

Digby, N.S. — The Pines—Nova Scotia's premier resort hotel. *Open summer months.*

Kentville, N.S. — The New Cornwallis Inn—suited equally to the tourist and business man. *Open all year.*

Yarmouth, N.S. — Lakeside Inn.—Designed in the bungalow style. *Open summer months.*

Other Hotels and Chalet-Bungalow Camps Reached by Canadian Pacific

Agassiz, B.C. ..... Harrison Hot Springs Hotel
Penticton, B.C. ..... Hotel Incola
Cameron Lake, B.C. ..... Cameron Lake Chalet
Kenora, Ont. ..... Devil's Gap Camp
Nipigon, Ont. ..... Nipigon River Camp
French River, Ont. ..... French River Camp

Roads of Adventure

Through the Canadian Rockies, Alaska and the Evergreen Playground



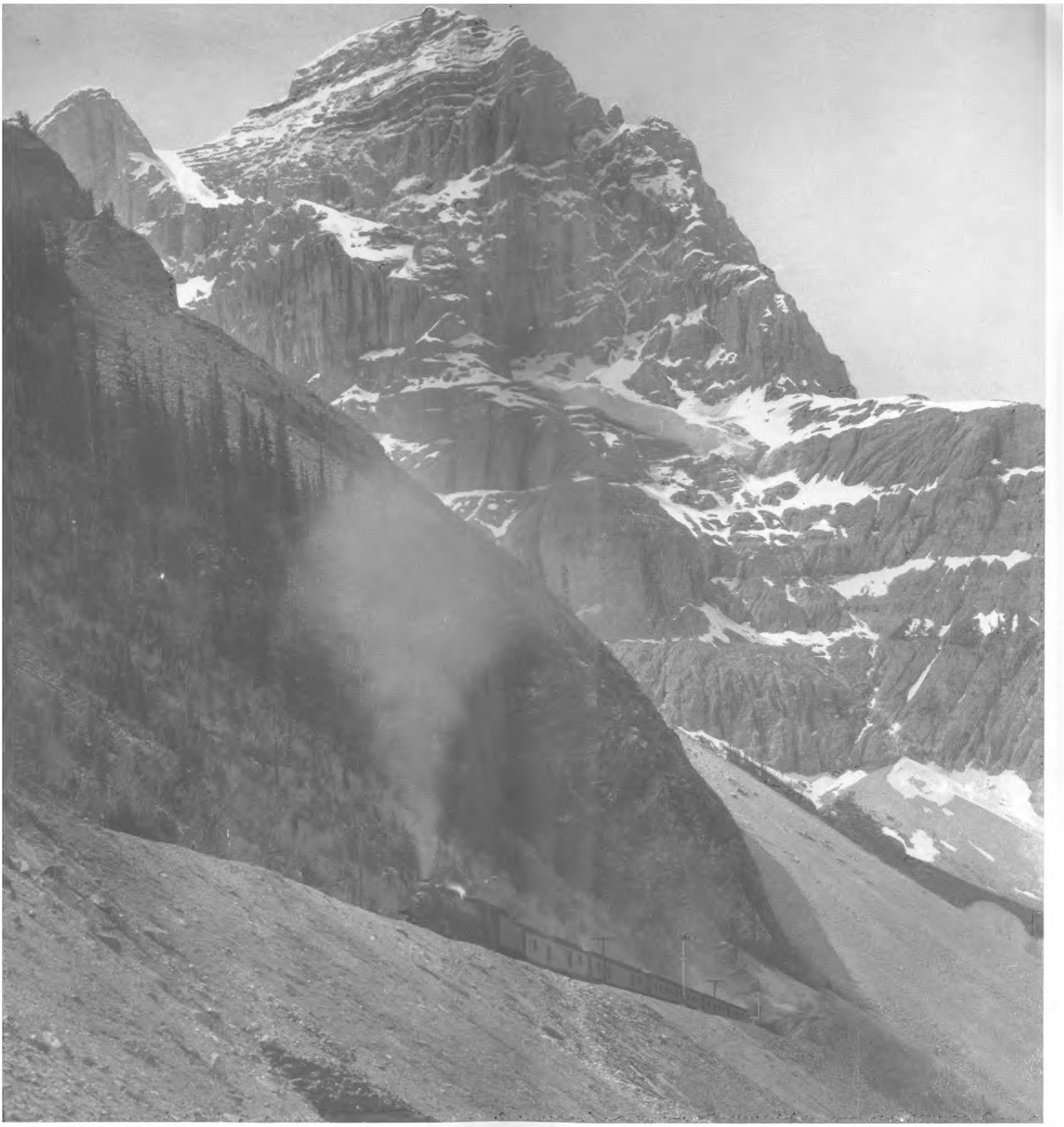
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CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY LINES
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



© A.S.N.

Past such rugged giants as Mt. Stephen run the Canadian Pacific "Roads of Adventure." Mt. Stephen, 10,485 feet in height, is named after George Stephen, later Lord Mount Stephen, first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

ROADS OF ADVENTURE

"I REMEMBER," says the patriarch, "when it took us ten days to go from here to there. We had to go by stage-coach all the way, and it was an adventurous trip."

"I remember," says the old-timer, "when the quickest way to the West coast was round by the Horn. I remember—the canoe, the old stern-wheelers, the buggy-ride, the pony trails; the lodging place by the cross-roads and the Indians."

What an age of Romance, those days of "I Remember" and before! What thrills and adventures!

So has it ever been. And these present are so soon to be the days of "I remember."

The vagabond is turned hitch-hiker. Romance lies, not in the open road, but along the hidden trails. In quiet, secluded valleys. Along those routes where one may yet be carefree and the responsibility of getting there is that of someone else. Along The Roads of Adventure.

And there are such roads! Roads which stretch from east to west, through forest and wilderness, over the plains and by the canyons of the mountains. They are threaded with steel. They link hamlet and village, town and city, with ease and security . . . they unfold and disclose their beauties to you, in luxurious comfort. They follow the way of the voyageur and courier . . . of the adventurer and the pioneer: they follow a dream of "westward to the east"—the vision of a new nation, the hopes of an emancipated people.

Go West this year! Take one of these Roads of Adventure, whether your destination be California, Alaska, the Canadian Rockies or Canada's Evergreen Playground on the Pacific Coast.

For those who would make their trip a vacation, one does not hesitate to recommend Canadian Pacific. Those who chose the route of the first trans-continental railway must have considered themselves on vacation too. They certainly did not wander far from that which was beautiful in the east, and while the western route, say from Calgary to Vancouver, follows natural water courses, one would give the engineer credit for an eye for the spectacular! Nowhere in the world, perhaps, does a railroad provide for its patrons such tremendous scenic grandeurs as those along the Canadian Pacific right-of-way.

But it is all a glorious route. Whether one joins it at Quebec, Montreal or Toronto, or Emerson, Portal or Vancouver, it is a new and delightful travel experience, because, even if one were not interested in the scenery and romance of the route, Canadian Pacific service in itself would render it so.

In travelling from the east one may break the journey by sailing the Inland Sea from Port McNicoll to Fort William. This under the Canadian Pacific house flag too; but if time is a factor, then one still has the long visions of the Great Lakes. Wide vistas of blues and greens, or perhaps of gold and silver seas with rugged, twisted islands looking for all the world like pre-historic monsters wallowing there. Puffs of white clouds race with the train as it glides through the cuts and gorges and rumbles over the bridge. For a thousand miles, virgin forest comes down to meet civilization at the fence along the way. And for every mile a lake, each set like a jewel, reflecting from unruffled facets towers and ridges of pine and spruce and poplar. By a boomed stream a little sawmill puffs importantly as it sucks up logs and spits the planks and sawdust to the rear.

Look back . . . there's romance without imagining in those isolated little log shacks in the clearing. They are peopled, all of them. And what do these people do all day? Are they Indians?

Maybe — Maybe white people. Maybe men like you and me who wanted to get away for awhile and stayed! They fish and trap and haul logs. Mostly they trap and fish. Sometimes they guide. Because, while the steel highway is half a century old, this is still a frontier. We are still in the midst of Canada's vast undeveloped natural resources. Did I say trap and fish? Perhaps they look for gold.

Little red houses, neat and tidy. These every few miles for the section men who wave, hesitate long enough to envy us, then go back to their task of keeping the way safe.

It's a rugged country. The Laurentian rocks don't dip under the prairie until we approach Winnipeg. The prairies are an adventure too. Here the buffalo roamed at will . . . now a cowman rides along the fence. Black earth is furrowed to a contrast with the waving green or gold. Little towns with horses, Fords and Packards. The Union Jack waving over the school-house. This is Canada.

And so on to the West. Calgary, Banff. Banff is a place one should stop at. But not if you don't intend to stay. Banff has her feet planted firmly in the mountains. She is more Scotch than Indian. And very beautiful. And a very gay seducer. But if you don't want to stop, or if you do, there is a good description of her in this very book.

Climb back on board. The oil-burning engine has a long pull ahead. Up and up and up. Past Lake Louise Station, past Hector and the "Great Divide." Mountains rear themselves on either side, go straight up with wisps of cloud hanging from their precipitous sides below the tops to intrigue one. Grey mountains, reddish mountains, green, and farther off, the blue ones. Silver foam cascades down to the open road and roars and tumbles through the gorge the lip of which our roadbed is. Across the gorge and winding up the mountain's side, a highway.

There is a thousand miles of it almost. One sits in the observation car or in the diner with the big windows. Is this not an adventure? Is it not a thrill? Brave men they were who trusted themselves to these rivers, not knowing what was round the bend. We do know what is round the bend, a level road, a view from a mountain side over deep wide valleys and other mountain tops. Snow-capped peaks taking color from the sun. A moose in a meadow. A bear . . . no, by golly, a tunnel, but only a little one.

Off at Vancouver, because this train stops there.

I like the run into Vancouver. Along the wide river with its little ships and its shipping. The verdure is lush, almost tropical. No other way to describe it. And the mills and the houses have all red roofs.

So we separate from our travelling companions and go to California, to the Orient, to Alaska. Perhaps we stay here for our golf or our fishing or holiday makings. We'll go to Victoria, of course, but . . .

Why not go back over the same Road of Adventure?



Lake Louise—Pearl of the Rockies © A.S.N.

WHEN IT'S SUMMER in the ROCKIES

"BUD" HARKNESS, ex-cowhand of the Texas Panhandle but now for many years a Rocky Mountain guide, sat dreamily humming a tune in his single room at Old Man Logan's house in Banff. Chaps, riding-boots, sombrero and quirt lay piled on the only chair the room boasted—Bud sitting idly on the bed. A "lonely cuss" the other boys thought him. . . sometimes a bit queer. Didn't drink, smoked of course, but preferred your room to your company. Queer!

So Bud sat alone, smoking. Before him on the bed lay a carefully hoarded pile of photographs, sent by appreciative people he had guided. Hence Bud's dreams. Strange folks these who came from the east, he ruminated. All after something different. Came from all over, too . . . all headed for Banff and the mountains around it.

Why did they come, anyhow? Take this Carl Rungius fellow—the artist. He came to paint. On many occasions Bud had ridden with him to the beauty spots of the mountains and sat in silent admiration as the vast panorama of mountain peak or glistening glacier was translated to canvas.

In their mutual appreciation of the mountains Bud and the celebrated artist had a common, if tacit, interest. They both knew the mountains and lakes—under every condition . . . the Cascade Range, Assiniboine, and the Valley of the Ten Peaks, Emerald Lake, Lake Louise and O'Hara. Soon Mr. Rungius would be coming out again, Bud hoped. If he did, he would come to paint.

As Bud's fingers idly turned his photographs over, another caught his attention. A perfect photograph of a Rocky Mountain sheep, taken by Dan McCowan. Dan didn't paint, Bud would have told you, though he photographed. Flowers and animal life were his specialty and Dan knew them all by name. Bud liked talking to Dan and he noticed that so-called naturalists from the east liked the same thing. For he could tell you, in his broad Scotch accent, all about such flowers as the yellow arnica and the immortelle, or about birds and beasts. Yes . . . Bud guessed them easterners must be pretty appreciative of what Dan called "these manifestations of nature," because when Dan gave lectures up at Banff Springs Hotel the hall was packed. (And Dan gave them twice a week.)

Women had played little part in Bud's life—but it was with something akin to reverence he picked out a photograph of a girl in riding habit. Reg'lar thoroughbred she was. Came out every year with her old man to Banff Springs but liked the rough life of the trail. The old man was "bugs" on fishing—had fished all over, in fact—Boom Lake, Minnewanka, the Altrude River and Lakes, to mention but a few. Yes, it was the fishing the old man liked, but his daughter had other interests. She had once bought Bud a neckerchief because she had done the Banff Springs Golf Course in 91. (The connection



A "million dollar" plunge at Banff and the $100,000 Club House © A.S.N.

was still a mystery to him.) And he had seen her play tennis at Chateau Lake Louise.

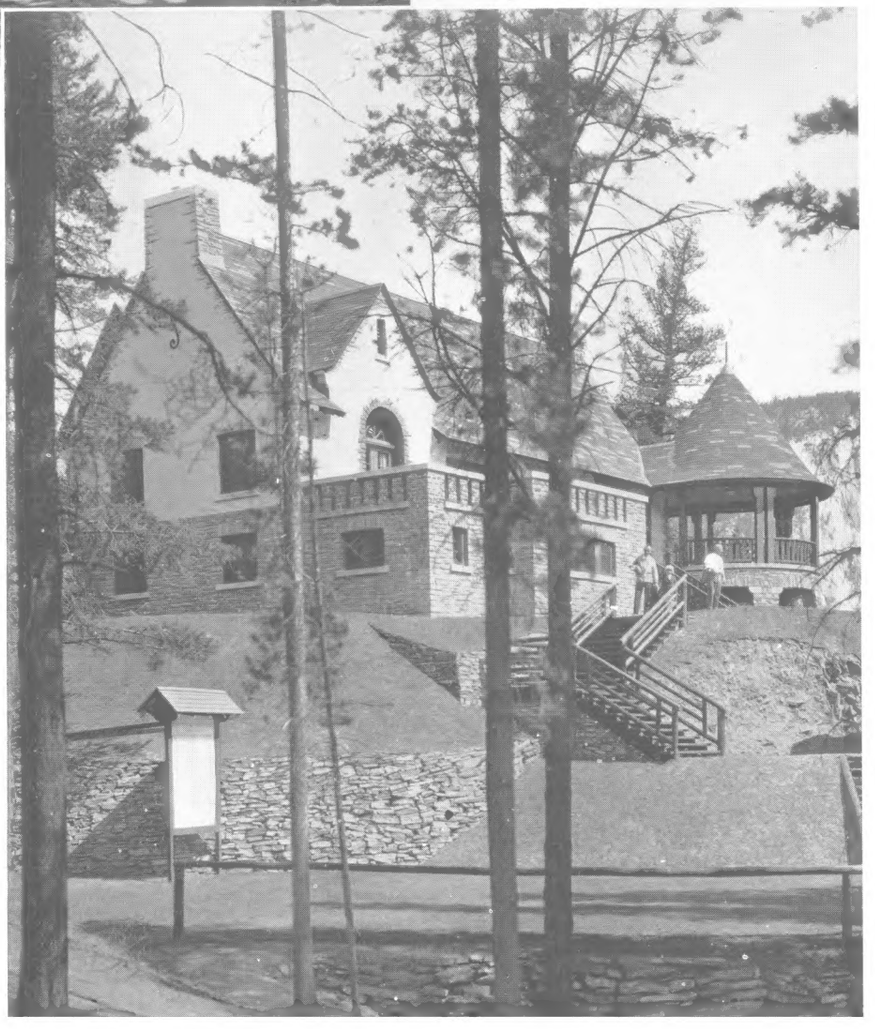
She climbed, too, and was a member of "them thar Alpine Club of Canada." But Bud was secretly a little jealous of her friendship with the Alpine guides at Chateau Lake Louise. He couldn't figure why any sensible young woman should want to "rope up" mountains just because they were 12,000 feet high. But she did it, so he guessed it was all right.

Another picture of her came to his mind. The time he had seen her up at Banff Springs Hotel on the terrace at night. He had been doing an errand for Jim Brewster when he met her, surrounded by a bunch of tenderfeet in boiled shirts. Bud's unimaginative soul still cherished that picture—the dark mass of the majestic hotel, the Bow Valley bathed in moonlight, the dance music drifting from the ballroom, the vague forms of other immaculate couples strolling on the flower-blown terrace, and in the midst his idol.

He had often felt like asking her about another man who came out and whose picture he now sought—Bud's "mystery man." Bud knew he was from one of the universities in the east and that he was intensely interested in "water"!

Bud had first met him at the sulphur swimming pool of Banff Springs Hotel. Before the railroad came Bud knew the Indians had come to bathe in these sulphur waters believing they had healing powers. Casually he mentioned this to the easterner, who straightway launched into a long dissertation on their therapeutic values and composition—none of which Bud understood. Then Bud had taken him up to the Government Swimming Pool at Banff and more water tests had followed. Next they had gone to Radium Hot Springs and the same procedure followed. Months later Bud had received a clipping from a medical journal giving figures and charts of the composition of the water—all of which seemed merely to show that the Indians were right. That, he guessed, was that.

Yes, come to think of it, he soliloquized, you had darned nearly everything at Banff—horses, trails, fishing, swimming, golf, tennis, and the finest in the world. 'Course he would like to see the east. But what the heck! Time to turn in . . . And the photographs were carefully stowed away.





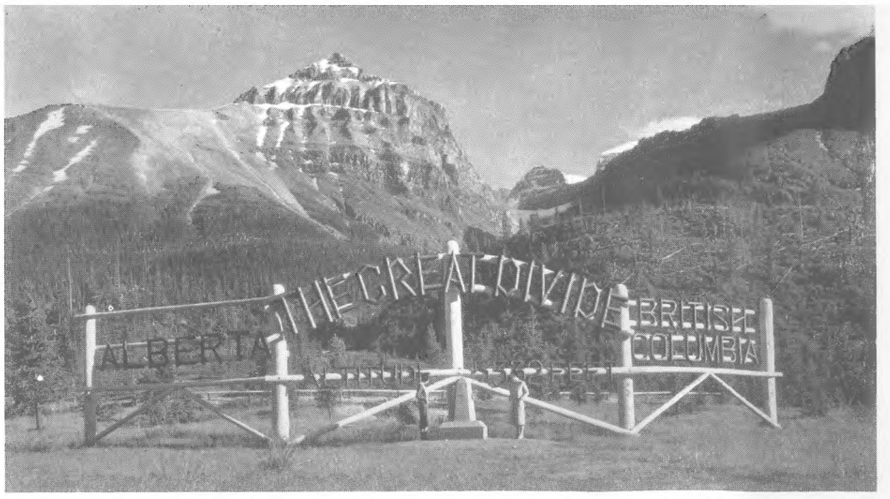
For scenes like these Swiss guides forsook the Alps

© A.S.N.

FIFTY SWITZERLANDS

ON THE north side of the Canadian Pacific transcontinental track near Golden lies a quaint little village, picturesquely situated on the slopes of a mountain. Its name is Edelweiss and its inhabitants are Swiss—Swiss Alpine guides who have transported their "household gods" from their own beloved mountains to the Canadian Rockies.

The existence of Edelweiss is significant, more significant to the average man than forbidding governmental blue books which tell him that the Canadian Rockies comprise five chief ranges; that there are 630 peaks over 6,000 feet in height; that 308 of these are between 7,000 feet and 10,000 feet; 161 between 10,000 feet and 12,000 and four over 12,000 feet.



The Great Divide

Edelweiss is significant. That there exists an Edelweiss is proof positive that there are peaks in the vicinity of no mean altitude to be climbed—and the description of the Canadian Rockies by a celebrated Alpinist as "fifty Switzerlands in one" is more significant than the whole output of statistical departments for a year—or a decade.

Not that climbing is the chief activity in the Canadian Rockies. The Alpinist already referred to was trying to give an impression of the *majesty* of that vast sea of mountains which comprise the Canadian Rockies and "fifty Switzerlands in one" was the most majestic thing his mind could comprehend.

Fifty Switzerlands in one! A mountainous expanse of towering height and penetrating depth, of glistening glacier and lowering canyon, threaded through with winding streams or rushing torrents and studded with seagreen lakes which hold the mirror up to majestic nature. Fifty Switzerlands in one!

Half a century ago the Rockies constituted an almost impenetrable barrier between the Prairies and the Pacific coast. To the white man the region was a closed book—a terra incognita whose secrets only the red man had penetrated. Then came the pioneers in search of a path for the projected Canadian Pacific transcontinental railway line. They entered the foothills of the Rockies at Calgary and climbed steadily till they came to the Great Divide, the very backbone of the continent. There they saw, as you will see to day, a stream divide into rivulets one of which found its way to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific.

From the Great Divide they descended and explored the Kicking Horse Pass, till that time nameless. A rushing torrent foamed through a narrow gorge. Precipitous pine-clad slopes rose on either side . . . the road through the mountains! In the footsteps of the pioneers the construction gangs followed. The steel was laid and the region opened—fifty Switzerlands in one for man's enjoyment.

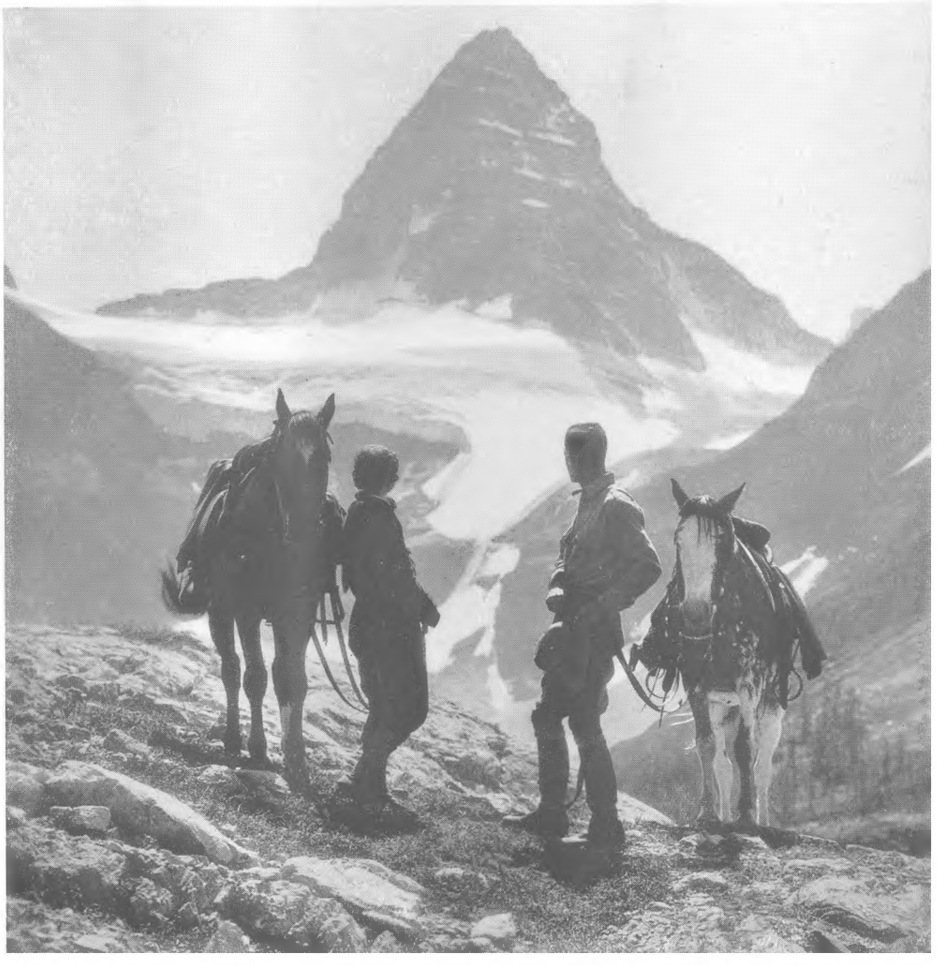
No easy task was it to select the sites for the hotels and chalet-bungalow camps which now dot this vast playground. For the choice of superb locations is so great. But Banff was chosen, and Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, the hostelries constructed being in keeping with the surroundings.

Then came the chalet-bungalow camps, comprising a central clubhouse or chalet surrounded with trim little bungalows of timber construction. Thanks to this diversity of accommodation, people of all tastes (and all purses) can visit this vast mountain playground and find whatever meets their physical or spiritual need.

And the natural activities in this region are so numerous and so varied. Lakes and streams abound with fish. Hunting is forbidden in the national parks, but there are unrivalled opportunities for big game in territory to the north and south of Banff and Lake Louise outside the park limits. Hikers, trail riders and climbers return year by year, artists and photographers rarely depart.

To these natural activities others more sophisticated, perhaps, have been added. At Banff one of the finest golf courses on the continent has been laid out in the valley of the Bow. At Banff, too, and Chateau Lake Louise great swimming pools have been constructed which the Romans might have envied. Tennis facilities have been provided. Superb motoring roads have been built through this vast playground which for their scenic loveliness and grandeur are open challenges to comparison.

These and more than these for your enjoyment in this Fifty Switzerlands in One.



Mount Assiniboine
© A.R.

ALPINISTS, INDIANS and COWBOYS



On the saddle between Mounts President and Vice-President © A.S.N.



Stony Indian Braves © A.S.N.



"Ride 'im, cowboy!"

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

The Canadian Rockies present to the mountain-climber one of the most extensive and interesting fields of any easily accessible ranges of the world.

For real alpine climbing the services of a skilled mountain guide, preferably one of the Swiss guides attached to the Canadian Pacific Hotels, are indispensable, and such may be obtained by application at the Hotel Office. There are a number of fine ascents in the vicinity of Banff, some of which are visible from the verandas of the Hotel, such as Mount Peechee, Inglismaldie, Edith, Rundle, Three Sisters, Pilot, Brett, Cascade, Aylmer and Assiniboine. Some of these climbs are well within the reach of any person of good physique, while a few, such as Mount Aylmer, Mount Edith and Mount Assiniboine are much more difficult peaks.

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

The Alpine Club of Canada, with headquarters established in a singularly handsome Club House at Banff, holds a Camp each year in the Canadian Rockies, and welcomes all who have the ambition to climb.

INDIAN WEEK

Indian Week at Banff is one of the most colorful spectacles on the North American continent. Between three and four hundred Stony Indians come from the Morley reserve, forty miles east of Banff, for their tribal sports. Each morning they have a parade in which the majority of the Indians take part. The tribe is all mounted, and the costumes of both men and women are creations of white buckskin, beadwork and ermine, their color schemes being exceedingly wonderful.

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

Alberta, always a country of considerable stock-raising interests, is still one of the principal ranching sections of the West; and in the "Stampede" held at Calgary the glories of the Old West are revived annually in a week's carnival of frontier sports and contests. The Calgary Stampede has now become a famous frontier-day celebration, and contestants come from all parts of the continent. Cowboys, Indians, Mounted Policemen, Old Timers, are all to be seen in this Western epic. It is held during the second week of July, and visitors to Banff should stop off at Calgary and participate.



© A.S.N.

"Holing out on the 17th." To suit all types of golfers who come to Banff, there are three tees for each hole, providing three courses—long, medium and short.



"On the 18th." When Stanley Thompson designed this course, he provided the maximum in scenic as well as golf thrills.

GOLF AT BANFF

MEMORIES can provide many pleasant avenues of escape from the crowded present. With all of us, there are certain memories that are recalled time and again in the sure knowledge that they will charm the mind back into a sense of pleasure and well-being. For myself, I turn most often to my recollections of the Canadian Rockies, to Banff, and to Banff's spectacular golf course. Actually, I played filthily, and Bill Thomson, the veteran professional there, used to warn me not to cause any more damage to the rugged face and crest of Rundle Mountain that towered sheer above the links. But whether I sliced my drives far into the blue in the general direction of Rundle, or pulled them from the first tee down into the Spray River rushing below, I remember it all without a trace of bitterness. Time has quickly caused me to forget hooking and topping and slicing and divoting and bunkering; but time has made no attempt to change or neglect my memories of the spectacular scenery that elbowed its way to the very edge of the course and provided a mental hazard of the most unique kind.

But under any circumstances time could scarcely affect the memory of such scenery, no matter how casual one's acquaintance with it might have been. At the apex of the valleys of the Bow and Spray Rivers, huge and yet incomparably insignificant beside the great mountains that group about it, is the Banff Springs Hotel, one of the most outstanding of the system of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Before it extends one of the most remarkable views of the world: Mount Rundle abruptly on the right, little Tunnel in the middle distance on the left, and to the left, beyond it, the vast rugged shape of Cascade Mountain; and between Rundle and Tunnel the united Spray and Bow Rivers glitter through the trees; and far beyond, encompassing the panorama like a huge back drop, the northern wall of the Bow Valley with Mountains Inglismaldie, Girouard and Mount Peechee ranged along its crest.

But names mean little to the casual reader, though they have a host of associations for those familiar with them, and it is needless to recall them individually and by name. Indeed before the mind's eye they range, the mountains of memory, in no regular form or procession. At one instant one may be riding quietly on Tunnel Mountain rising from the floor of the Bow Valley beside the town of Banff with the sound of a tiny carillon rising sweetly to the ears, and the next instant one may be far away on the golf course below at the foot of Rundle attempting a careful shot across the inevitable Devil's Cauldron. Through one's memories one can move with incredible ease and in a moment be a thousand feet above the golf links and looking down upon them from the slope of Sulphur, marking how infinitesimal appears the handiwork of man, and how puny are the sweeps of soft green fairway beside the great stretches of valley and the towering walls of rock that rise dramatically above them.

These cliffs constitute a charming counter attraction to golf, indeed, and make it very hard to keep the head down and the eye on the ball during the first few rounds of the eighteen holes. For me the cliffs and the caddies were hazards, for the latter were mostly Indians from the Stony Reserve nearby, and I was in constant fear of their becoming disgusted with my play and scalping me on the spot. But they always exercised great stoicism and despite great provocation left me untouched.

There has been some brilliant golf on the Banff links, and many great players have played and will play there. They find StanleyThompson's bunkering of the course clever and deceptive, and they find the natural water hazards, provided by the Spray and Bow Rivers, and by waters cupped at the base of Rundle, demanding of the greatest care and concentration; but their pleasure is equalled by the duffers. The latter beat a longer and more leisurely course from hole to hole, pause to watch a group of Mule Deer bounce indolently off into the bush, and wait to hear the greenkeeper curse the deer and the bears and all four-footed friends of the devil who dare to place a hoof or a paw on his immaculate swards.

And that's why it's pleasant to remember golfing at Banff—there's not only golfing to recall but an atmosphere found nowhere else in the golfing world.



The Devil's Cauldron

© A.S.N.



Sand-trapped at the 1st

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL was built on the curve of a mountain plateau, a sort of verandah of the mountains, overlooking the meeting of two rivers and surrounded by tremendous peaks and ranges of the Rockies. And its every window frames a picture.

Of these pictures, Fairholme Lounge has perhaps the best of it, with the long valley of the Bow stretching its green length between two sentinel mountains, down to the utterly magnificent barrier of the Fairholme Range. This spacious room is a favorite meeting place any time of the day, but especially at the tea hour when guests foregather at little tables by the big windows or around the fireplace and listen to the music of a string quartette. Or perhaps it's at its best while you're waiting for your partner at dinner, when the rays of the setting sun work miracles on the snow caps of the mountains beyond the valley.

The same view greets the returning sportsmen who favour the Garden Lounge. Here stone-flagged floor, a long vista of oaken chairs, refectory tables and benches, and a very cavern of a fireplace all lend a monastic air that is peculiarly grateful to the golfers and the anglers. Still another view of the famed Bow Valley and its mountains, by the way, is glimpsed from the wide doors of the tavern that opens its cool, flag-stoned depth on to the sunshine of the lower terrace.

The sun-room mezzanine, from the aloof seclusion of its fern-decked railing, presents usually such an interesting indoor panorama that the glorious outdoor scene is for the time forgotten. Below, in the main foyer, the colorful stream of new arrivals mingles with the laughing hub-bub of guests who are calling at the mail desk, meeting returning riders, hob-nobbing with the trim-uniformed "Mounties" or discussing news of the trails with a tall figure in chaps and spurs and ten-gallon hat.

Mount Stephen Hall looks out through mullioned windows upon the unforgettable picture of Mount Rundle, rising to a crest like a gigantic, frozen wave from some vast ocean of stone. The Hall itself, the main salon of the Hotel, is built on princely lines in the Scottish baronial fashion. The floor, beneath the Oriental rugs, is paved with blocks of satin-smooth stone, from which along one side rise the great, carved pillars to support the cathedral proportions of the roof. Beyond the pillars is a cloistered corridor over which a wide and stately balcony offers the most charming sitting-out places in the world. The furniture of Mount Stephen Hall is the ancient carved oak of the Stuart period, and the panellings of the anterooms, leading off through stone arches, are likewise of oak, nobly carved. Banff has not been called "baronial" idly. The magnificent breadth and space of its surroundings have inspired a hotel where space and privacy are taken as the first requisites to gracious living.

Beyond Mount Stephen Hall we find the celebrated Oak Room and the billiard room. And a broad, curving stairway of stone rises to the mezzanine, to the Angus Room, the Strathcona Room, a wide, luxuriously furnished foyer and the great bronze doors of the Alhambra dining room.

At the opposite end of the hotel is the ball-room, with cool, quiet corners for the daytime, and glamour and revelry by night. From it opens out the conservatory with its banks of flowers, its intriguing splash of waters in the fountain and the inviting wicker furniture. By day the view shows the whole wide circle of the mountains and the music is the muted thunders of the Bow Falls; but in the evening the eye turns towards the glow-

ing life and gayety of the ball-room.

Indeed, night finds festivity at Banff—orchestra in the ball-room, bridge tables in Fairholme Lounge, perhaps a concert or a nature lecture in Mount Stephen Hall, the merry click of the cues in the billiard room, the steady "ping" of balls at the ping-pong table in the Garden Lounge—or for the guest of quieter temperament, there are the other lounges, the Curio Hall and the seclusion of the library.

But first impressions are, after all, more important than any others. So let us arrive by train and have a first glimpse of Banff.

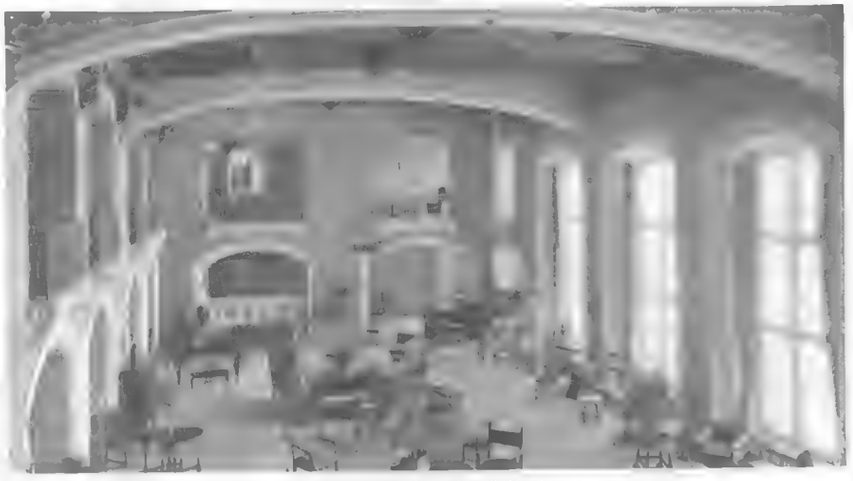
We may take the station bus from the train to the hotel, or a taxi—and not the dowdy, hard-seated vehicle of our city acquaintance, but a smart and luxurious Packard. Three minutes through the town brings us swinging up the paved avenue cut from the tall slender jack-pines, and then, between the thinning trees ahead, comes the first glimpse of the vast bulk, the lordly, high-peaked roofs and the wide park and tennis courts of Banff Springs Hotel. Here is the space, the leisure and the luxury for a holiday. Time presses on no one but the departing guest, and space is measured in miles in every direction including upwards.

The air is like wine that quickens our senses and brightens our eyes as we flash past the long stretch of the hotel and swing around the farther tower into a pebbled courtyard, buttressed and terraced on its plateau overlooking the Bow River and the smooth green valley that lies between the abrupt heights of two mountains. The wide portico of the hotel spreads hospitably beneath its flower-laden roof, giving promise of the cool depth of the foyer, like the entrance hall of a castle. The Japanese bell boys come running down the broad steps and with them comes the beginning of your smooth, perfect service.

Even if you are no devotee of energy yourself, it is pleasant to see the eager young things in riding breeches at breakfast-time. As you discuss your bacon and coffee, your berries and cream and the hot brioche and crescent rolls that make breakfast a festive occasion, a slight stir at the sunny doorway lifts your eyes. Here are the early riders who have been chasing the sunrise over the mountains, coming in in twos and threes, flushed and laughing and very much alive. The sight of them may make you a bit guilty for your luxurious drowsing in bed, but after all, this mountain air is a great prescription for sleep. So conscience satisfied, you settle back to the attentions of your thoughtful waiter—for this is out West, where men are men and breakfast is apt to be a Real Meal.



Tennis Courts at Banff Springs Hotel



Mount Stephen Hall—Banff Springs Hotel



The morning ride for young or old

After breakfast, before your plans for the day, I know of nothing more delightful than a stroll on the Garden terrace, around the fountain and along the stone-flagged walks. There will be one or two artists sketching here, for the view is superb. The wide, tumbling Falls of the Bow make a gentle music in the air and all is peace and content.

Like everything truly charming, life at Banff Springs Hotel is really very simple. It's a question of what you want to do and when you want to do it. There's the riding, the motoring, the golf on the finest mountain course in America, the boating up the Bow or shadow-haunted little Vermilion River; or there's the swimming in the two pools, outdoor and indoor, fed by the natural mineral springs from which Banff Springs Hotel takes its name.



Takakkaw Falls in Yoho Valley

MOTORING A MILE HIGH

THE motor roads through the mountains run like wide, smooth ribbons, stretching across Alpine meadows, along vast, shadowy canyons and over famous passes. From Banff there are short morning or afternoon runs, and longer trips as well which take you through the three parks—Yoho, Kootenay and Banff—and down the Kicking Horse or the Windermere Highways to the Columbia River.

You may choose one of the fine open touring cars with smart chauffeurs, or the excellent sight-seeing busses that make regular schedule runs. The Automobile Agent has an office in the Banff Springs Hotel and will be glad to help you plan any trips. All rates are according to a Government tariff.

LAKE MINNEWANKA

A short trip and a delightful one if you have only a day or so at Banff is to Lake Minnewanka, which the Indians called Spirit Water. From the hotel the route lies along the picturesque road by Stony, Squaw and Cascade Mountains and past the buffalo park. Minnewanka itself is like a narrow valley of water fourteen miles long, curving between Mount Aylmer and Mount Inglismaldie.

TO JOHNSTON CANYON AND LAKE LOUISE

The highway to Lake Louise, 42 miles along the Bow River Valley, offers a continually unfolding panorama. As on all the mountain roads, the great peaks rise row on row on either side and your chauffeur stops to point out the landmarks. He knows, too, where the mountain sheep and deer may be seen, and where the beaver dams are.

About sixteen miles westward on this highway is Johnston Canyon, where a series of waterfalls in a setting of pine trees and wild flowers offers a delightful walk up to the source. A picnic may be made up the canyon or lunch taken at the nearby Tea House.

Past Johnston Canyon the road continues, reaching its most imposing point at Castle Mountain, a giant fortress three miles long. Here we may turn west on the famous Banff-Windermere Highway, or keep on towards Lake Louise, Kicking Horse Pass and Yoho Park.

TO MORAINE LAKE

From Lake Louise, a nine-mile side trip brings you to Moraine Lake, where the Ten Peaks (all over 10,000 feet high) stand in a giant semi-circle behind the sapphire lake. Here a Chalet-Bungalow Camp offers you hospitality and splendid fishing for cut-throat trout in Consolation Lake.

YOHO VALLEY AND EMERALD LAKE

Leading on, the Lake Louise road continues to the Kicking Horse Pass and into Yoho Valley. The Highway now follows the Kicking Horse River through its canyon down to Golden on the Columbia River; but this region is so beautiful that one must take the two side-trips to Emerald Lake and the Yoho Valley.



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The name "Yoho" comes from the Indian expression of amazement at the sight of Takakkaw, a feathery waterfall of a thousand feet and more floating down the face of the sheer rock. The Chalet-Bungalow Camp here is delightful and motorists are advised to stay over a night.

The short branch of the highway that farther on leads in to Emerald Lake is an avenue cut from the cool green depths of the forest, with the gleam of snow-peaks in the distance. Emerald Lake Chalet, with its cluster of log cabins, lies at the end of this road on the shores of the lake among the mountains which surround it with a sky-line of surpassing grandeur.

THE "MOTOR DETOUR"

One of the finest of the organized automobile excursions is the "Motor Detour" between Banff and Golden. After seeing Banff, the road through the mountains is taken to Lake Louise, where you have dinner and spend the night at the Chateau. The trip then continues to the Great Divide, Kicking Horse Pass, Yoho Valley, Emerald Lake and down the Kicking Horse Canyon to Golden. The trip may be made in 24 hours, but two or three days may be spent on the Detour since stop-off privileges are allowed en route. The Detour may also be started from Golden.



Iron Gates—Banff-Windermere Road

THE BANFF-WINDERMERE ROAD

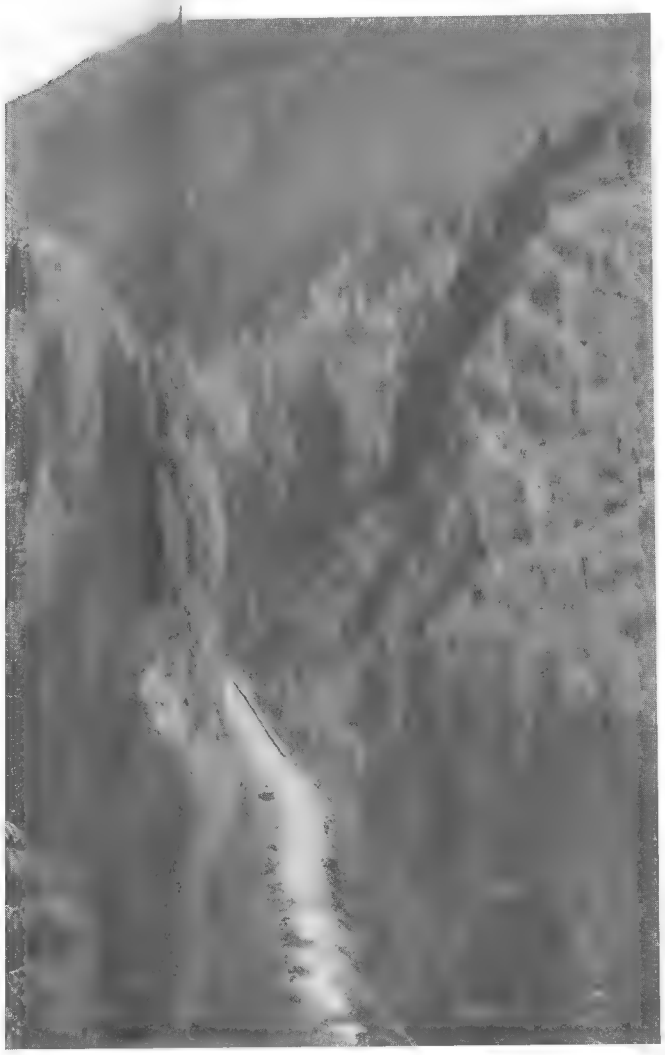
Here is a trip worthy of your attention! The motors turn from the Banff-Lake Louise Highway at Castle Mountain and ascend to the summit of Vermilion Pass (5,264). Here we enter Kootenay Park and follow the windings of the Vermilion River until, through the celebrated Sinclair Pass, we gain the mighty Columbia and the shores of Lake Windermere. On our way there are Chalet-Bungalow Camps at Castle Mountain and Radium Hot Springs, both placed at strategic points of beauty and making ideal stop-overs if desired. One of the favorite motor trips from Banff is to Castle Mountain Camp for lunch or dinner, returning in the sunset hours or by moonlight.

This road to Windermere forms part of the Circle Road of 600 miles that crosses the summit of the Rockies and links Calgary, Banff, Windermere, Cranbrook and Macleod. This Circle Road is in turn linked at the International Boundary with the Columbia Highway out of Portland, Oregon, and the grand tour of the Yosemite, Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Parks.

From Lake Windermere excursions can be made up Toby Creek and Horse Thief Creek to the great ice fields of the Selkirks, notably the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers, before one continues along the Columbia Highway to Golden.

THE LARIAT TRAIL

A very fine excursion, called "The Lariat Trail," occupying three days, leaves Banff twice a week to embrace three national parks. Leaving Banff, it proceeds to Castle Mountain, turns south along the Banff-Windermere Road as far as Radium Hot Springs (where the first night is spent), thence follows the Columbia River Highway to Golden and east along the Kicking Horse Canyon to Emerald Lake (second night). The third day takes in Yoho Valley, Wapta Lake, the Great Divide, Lake Louise and back to Banff.



Near Sinclair Canyon



Iceland poppies on the margin of Lake Louise

© B.H.

LOVELY LAKE LOUISE

DAWN AT LAKE LOUISE

It is dawn at Lake Louise!
Dawn!
The trees all tremble in ecstasy,
Whispering to each other of the day to be.
It is still,
So still, on the opal lake.
The cold, proud glacier's waiting to take
A kiss from her lover,
The Morning Sun.

Timid deer
Appear
One by one;
An Indian paint-brush, flaming red,
Slowly lifts it drowsy head.
A tiny bluebird, flutt'ring by:
An azure speck from out the sky!

Peace,
Passing all understanding,
Permeates the air . . .
Dawn,
At Lake Louise:
A prayer!

—RENE KENNEDY



Swimming Pool—
Lake Louise

THE first view of Lake Louise is unforgettable, as are only a few of our human memories. This lake, a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, oval in shape, tapering at the farther end towards the great glacier which is its source—this one scene from the pebbled terrace of the Chateau fills the eye completely and perfectly. Here is one tremendous panorama—a broad sheen of lake, calm, serene and unruffled as is all perfection; circled with mountains that rise from the waters like the sheltering walls of Eden.

But it is the colour of the lake that fascinates the eye and ravishes the senses. In the early dawn it is a true, self-effacing mirror, reflecting the vast pyramid of snow and glacier at its farther end with such faithfulness that a photograph will show two perfect images with bases touching at the shore-line. And then as the sun climbs up over Saddleback Mountain, Louise takes on her own royal colours —that divine blue which holds the fire of iridescent green just below the surface—the colour of Hera's peacocks. The eye, wearied with the smoke of cities and the dull business of living, is unprepared for the scene, so that we must look and look before we can believe that this old world is still so beautiful. And all the while, the air, fresh from heaven in this altitude, seems to sparkle by itself and to become visible where the sunshine is hitting the waters in dancing points of light.

As we walk down the long, broad terraces from the Chateau, between descending banks of white and orange and sun-coloured poppies, the rest of the world falls away, and a strange feeling of freshness, of something untouched and utterly lovely, comes to us. And then, from behind the fringe of trees, out to our right around the margin of the lake, comes a clatter of hoofs and breathless young laughter as a party of riders on their mountain ponies swing into view across the trail at the foot of the wide lawns, until each rider stands out in silhouette against the shining waters of the lake.

And so we came to Lake Louise. After the activities of Banff we had thought to rest here, and so we might have if we had been tired—but the first morning revealed such interesting bustle among the horsemen at the corral, the guides in their rustic Swiss chalet and the guests themselves, that we too caught the excitement and began making plans. The lake itself is nearly six thousand feet above sea level, so that when you start out on the trail, either to walk or to ride, you are already well up among the peaks, or at least at no heart-breaking distance from them.

The temptation at Lake Louise is to dally over these short trails that make such easy walks, because they have all the glamour and scenic effect of mountaineering with only the effort of strolling. But beyond the horizon of the piled-up half-circle of mountains are other scenes and adventures that none but the dullest would overlook. Have you heard of Paradise Valley with its carpeting of anemones and asters secured from the world by two long walls of mountains; of Lake O'Hara, so utterly beautiful and wistful that it could only have an Irish name; of the Valley of the Ten Peaks and of the twin Consolation Lakes where the rainbow trout practically beg for bait? These are motor-rides, hikes or trail-rides for a day—days that stand out afterwards for the sense of adventure, the siren sound of falling waters and the strangely elusive quality we call "joy of living." And if you should fall in love with these unsophisticated spots and decide to forsake Louise for one of her sylvan cousins, there are chalets and chalet-bungalow camps beside these lakes where you may live the simple life to perfection with good beds, good food and goodly company.

The ponies are an open sesame to the mountains and to the perfect outdoor life that makes a proper holiday. And for the outdoor life Lake Louise is a perfect setting. If you prefer motoring, there are roads to nearly every one of the celebrated beauty spots, and daily services of both private cars and sight-seeing busses. And under no circumstances should we forget the canoes on Lake Louise itself, the tennis courts, the swimming pool in its setting of flower gardens and the outdoor sports. Life is as full and as energetic as we please around this magnificent modern Chateau in its mountain setting.



Chateau
Lake Louise

Supposing we are just average pleasure-seekers, burning with no deathless desire to scale the mighty peaks, but only to enjoy ourselves as much as possible with no more effort than we feel like making at the moment. In that case, there's no place in the mountains where we'll have a better time than Lake Louise. While our more energetic companions are talking over plans with their Swiss guides, inspecting saddle girths and adjusting packs and equipment, *we* rise early or late, as we choose, and perhaps start off the day with a plunge in the pool.

This pool is built of gleaming stone on the shores of the lake about fifty feet from the hotel and is surrounded with great glass walls about fifteen feet high, for protection just in case the mountain breezes should be blowing while we bathe. From the top of the glass wall, flowers and swinging vines wave in their wide green boxes, and all around the lawns are massed with bright blooms and delicate yellow poppies. The water, fresh as the morning, is piped in from a mountain stream and heated to normal temperature before it reaches the pool. When the clear sunshine sparkles down upon the water, the flowers and the merrily splashing bathers, this seems certainly the ideal spot to begin the day.

Then all fresh from the invigorating plunge, we dress and walk up the sun-splashed terrace to the dining-room. Here a little table, gleaming with satin-smooth linen and silver, awaits us beside one of the great plate-glass windows; and we drink our coffee and eat our rolls and bacon and blueberries and cream in full view of the magnificent panorama of Lake Louise and her back-drop of snow-capped mountains. It feels a bit like being on a stage—in fact, it's very easy here to picture one's self as the heroine of some graceful and romantic tale!

After breakfast the deck-chairs await us on the sunny terrace, where we read the morning papers and observe that heat waves seem to have prostrated the rest of the continent. A tiny chipmunk scampers across the pebbles, ready to be coaxed to beg for peanuts or candy, which, if we are very quiet and friendly, he will eat from our hands. This is the most pleasant, the most peaceful place we have found in all our Western tour.

But for all its peace and serenity, it's much too exhilarating here to stay still long; so we stroll across the lawns to the water's edge and start off along the path that borders the left shore of the lake. On one side the wooded mountain rises sheer from the path, and on the other, not five feet away winking in the sunlight behind the fringe of trees, is the rim of the exquisite lake. The first mile and a half is level and takes us around the water to the stream that feeds it, rushing down its mountain canyon from Victoria Glacier. Next, the climb rises gently and then ruggedly; and we stroll, gathering wild-flowers, or putting our hearts into the climb, resolve to reach the glacier within the hour. In any event it is a glorious outing—a hike or a stroll, whichever we choose to make it. That's the charm of Lake Louise: our holiday may be just what we choose to make it—a rest in flowery gardens of ease, a series of glorious outdoor adventures, or a round of sophisticated hotel life with dancing, concerts and the charm of the passing show.



Tennis at Lake Louise

In all this region it is the peculiar freshness of the air—the result of the altitude—and the clarity of the sunshine that gives such zest to everything. As for the weather, in a summer when most of the American continent sweltered in often a hundred and more degrees of heat, it was never more than 83 in Lake Louise.

And then in the evening, the luxuries of the Chateau become evident. After a strenuous day out of doors, or indeed in this climate, after even the laziest afternoon in a deck-chair on the lawn, one's first thought is "food." The dining room is a special wing built with great windows on either side for the glorious view, and the orchestra plays in the sun-room adjoining—but far more important, the food and the service are perfect. And after dinner there is perhaps a concert, and, of course, dancing in the ball-room. Or you may prefer bridge. The lounges are spacious and luxurious and there is always room for privacy for your own particular party. Or you might like just to settle back in a wide, deep chair and listen to the music for a little before we stroll down to the water's edge to see the lake by moonlight. Under the starry sky Louise lies always peacefully, protected from the world and its stormy winds by her guardian circle of twelve mighty peaks. Here is peace and pleasure, content and—happy days. For fortunate beyond our human desert is the traveller who fares to these halcyon shores and heights.



Ballroom—
Chateau Lake Louise



Reflections at Emerald Lake

CHALET-BUNGALOW CAMPS

AND DUDE RANCHES

THEY are seven in number and their names, in order as they come from east to west, are as follows: Mount Assiniboine, reached after a two-days' horse-back ride from Banff over a spectacular new trail; Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp—to which you can motor from Banff or Lake Louise or from the stop called Castle on the main line of the C.P.R.; Moraine Lake Chalet-Bungalow Camp, to which you go by road from Lake Louise; Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp, a boat, by arrangement in advance, ferrying you across Lake Wapta from the railway, or you can motor thither from Banff on the excellent highway; Lake O'Hara Chalet-Bungalow Camp, to which you ride, either the twelve miles of trail from Lake Louise or the seven from Wapta; Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp, and Emerald Lake Chalet, cars to both of which await the arrival of trains at Field. There is another camp, Radium Hot Springs, seventy miles or so south on the Banff-Windermere road, which branches off about midway between Banff and Lake Louise, visited chiefly by motorists on tour who stay there a day or two to swim in the big open-air bath into which the water of the hot springs has been conducted. The rates at all these, save the Emerald Lake Chalet, are the same—namely, five dollars and fifty cents per day, American plan, or thirty-five dollars per week. All are run on the same lines, but each has its individuality.

Emerald Lake is a little more sophisticated than the others. That is to say you have hot and cold running water in your own bathroom. It is a camp de luxe. There the rates are, consequently, not quite so low as at the others, being seven, eight, or nine dollars per day, American plan, or forty-nine to fifty-six dollars per week, according to the cabin or bungalow you occupy. All are designed in somewhat similar fashion, with individual differences: there is the central bungalow, with dining-room and comfortable community living-room, and there are the cabins dotted round about in the woods. All these Chalet-Bungalow camps, with the exception of Mount Assiniboine, which opens July 1 and closes September 1, are open from the middle of June to the middle of September. At those beside lakes, such as Emerald, Wapta, O'Hara, Moraine, boats are obtainable. At all except Radium (which is in a sense a camp apart, its main attraction the hot springs bath beside it) there are corrals where horses are obtainable for rides on the winding trails, either alone or with attendant guides. The cost of hire of a saddle-horse runs about four dollars a day. If a guide accompanies you there is, of course, a nominal charge for his attendance.

There are ease and bonhomie about these camps. Their life is more intimate than that of the great hotels of the mountains by reason of the fact that they accommodate fewer guests, there being only anything from about a dozen to a couple of dozen or so cabins at any of the camps—at Yoho, for example, fourteen, at Emerald Lake twenty-nine.

There is very great charm in a sojourn at any of them. The odours we breathe are of pine and balsam. Squirrels, busy in the trees, drop cones down for their winter store, tip-tapping on the cabin-roofs. Woodpeckers fly to and fro and clamp themselves suddenly to the trunks to flay the bark off vigorously in quest of



Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp



Emerald Lake Chalet © A.S.N.

fodder, heedless of your presence. Jays, both the dove-grey ones and the vivid blue ones, flutter round. At Emerald Lake the cars come in from the outer world and leave travellers to rest with the enamel inlay of the lake between the trees, and the high majestic front of Mount Burgess—and the squirrels. Across the lake are veins of silver down the slopes in a zig-zag line, glimpsed and lost across screes, glimpsed again above a lower flounce of forest, showing again among the everlasting green in intermittent flashes. The faint whispered echo in the cabins, when you waken there to the morning sunglow, might be of these distant torrents or of wind in the tree-tops. It comes in with the morning sunlight as part of the stillness rather than breaking it. At Yoho the sound of Takakkaw Falls, that shoot their white arrows of foam, all day long, down a thousand feet of cliff, is at first like a storm blowing, but we know it is no storm because the trees are all standing very still as in an eternal tranquil reverie. Later it becomes part of the life there. The first impression is of a high gale, or the roar of storm on a beach, shaking the air of that high valley, but the sound does not destroy the upland quiet and old serenity. The little low *quank-quank* of a nuthatch is heard clear through the woods despite that roar. At Castle Mountain the grandeur of the mountain-range that gives the camp its name becomes part of our vacation. That seeming immutable wall of tones of grey and bars of brown and slashes of ochre changes all the while, mutable in the changes of the day's light. One even becomes excited over the drifting shadows of clouds on it and the splashes of sun on its high, enormous, gable-like precipices. Lake O'Hara is as lovely as Lake Louise, but only the community-house on the knoll among the spruce trees, and the log-cabins, front it. They seem hardly at all an intrusion on the serenity of Nature. Moraine is situated at the entrance to the spectacular Valley of the Ten Peaks. At all of these places, out of the hot summer cities, you can sleep o' nights and come by a good appetite.

You have opportunity both for sociability and for leisure. You may sit in one of the rooms of the community-house under electric light in the evening, or go to your own cabin among the trees and loaf there—in your own lodge in the wilderness. At Castle Mountain there are large open fireplaces in the cabins where, in the evenings, logs burn; in the others are stoves. The old tweeds and hiking-shoes, the old plus-fours or riding-breeches fit easily. You rest from telephone bells.

The guests are always interesting: business men and their families relaxing, mending their livers on horseback rides; painters who set off after breakfast with their canvases; medical men laying up vigor for a winter's duties; schoolmasters dismissing for

Moraine Lake Chalet-Bungalow Camp



© A.S.N. *Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp*





Johnston Canyon © A.S.N.



Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp

a while the scholastic; politicians letting the world wag; musicians on vacation. In the big hotels a singer on holiday does not sing; but sometimes, in these camps, so friendly are they, so much do we all fall into the state as of an amicable family in the communal happiness, in the robustiously scented mountain world, famous musicians often entertain their fellow-guests in the evening. It is a memorable experience to sit out on the veranda, say, of Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp and watch the lights change on the encircling Castle, Copper and Storm Mountains, to the accompaniment of music from within. Botanists out to add to their collection of Alpine flowers; geologists looking for jelly-fish or crabs thrust up sky-high in the upheavals of æons ago to what are now mountain-tops—and finding them too, in many places, such as the famous fossil-beds of Mount Wapta, reached both from the Emerald Lake Chalet and Yoho—are also among the guests, and those whom the guides call "glacierologists." You go for rides to see the *cloisonné* of glaciers inlaid on the peaks, or hike to little lakes through the stillness of forests like that of pillared cathedrals, or go on fishing expeditions—out from Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp to Boom Lake, or out from Moraine to the beautiful Consolation Lake, or from Wapta to Sherbrooke Lake. Happy days, happy days are these! A bungalow-camp vacation is a delightful experience.

DUDE RANCHES

At various places in the Canadian Rockies, the visitor can enjoy both ranch life and excursions into the neighbouring mountains. They are:—

Buffalo Head Ranch—near the E P Ranch. Address, George W. Pocaterra, High River, R.R.2, Alta.

Kananaskis Ranch—in Banff Park. Address, C. B. Brewster, Kananaskis, Alta.

Half Circle E Y Ranch, Seebe, Alta. —operated by Colonel Mills and Miss Yates. Address, Miss E. Yates, 1374 Sherbrooke Street W., Montreal, Que.

Lake Windermere Ranch Camp for Girls—located 100 miles from Banff on Lake Windermere. Address, Miss Mary Cutler, 2716 Thayer Street, Evanston, Ill.

Mount Assiniboine Camp—at the base of the "Matterhorn of the Rockies." Address, Mrs. W. A. Brewster, Kananaskis, Alta.

Skookumchuck - in - the - Rockies—for girls under twenty-one, on Lake Premier, British Columbia. Address Mrs. Elmore Lowell Staples, 461 B Avenue, Coronado, Calif.

The T S Ranch—adjoining the E P Ranch belonging to the Prince of Wales. Conducted by Guy Weadick, Manager of the Calgary Stampede. Address, Longview P.O., Alta.

"Dudes" at Kananaskis Ranch



Radium Hot Springs Chalet-Bungalow Camp © A.S.N.



ANIMAL AND

Written and illustrated by



Rocky Mountain Sheep

IN THE three great wild life sanctuaries of Banff, Yoho and Kootenay, many kinds of animals and birds are found. Some of these furred and feathered creatures are shy and timid and their presence unsuspected except by the experienced nature student. Others are nocturnal in habit and thus rarely visible. But at all seasons of the year there is opportunity to observe and to photograph numerous forms of animal and bird life.

In the open woods Mule Deer may be seen in large numbers—a group of these stately creatures walking across a forest glade, their antlers held proudly aloft, presents a charming picture to the observer. Wapiti, or American Elk, range on grassy uplands during summer months, the Cascade Valley, north of Banff, being a favourite haunt of these majestic deer. On moist green meadows near Sundance Canyon and in the shallows of Spray Lake the lordly Moose finds an abundance of food. A first cousin of the Mule Deer—the Columbian Black-tailed Deer—lives in the green woods at Emerald Lake and may sometimes be seen near Radium Springs at the western end of Banff-Windermere highway.

The sunny slopes of Sawback Range afford pasturage to bands of Big Horn Sheep. These wild sheep are not woolly, but clad in a coat of wiry hair similar in colour and texture to that on deer. Old males have massive curving horns—female have horns much more slim and straight. Numbers of these animals frequent the crags by the side of Banff-Lake Louise motor highway. There, too, in early summer, Rocky Mountain Goats are seen, their long all-white, all-wool coats making them unusually conspicuous. Mount Wiwaxy at Lake O'Hara and the high hillsides in Yoho are also places where wild goats may be found.

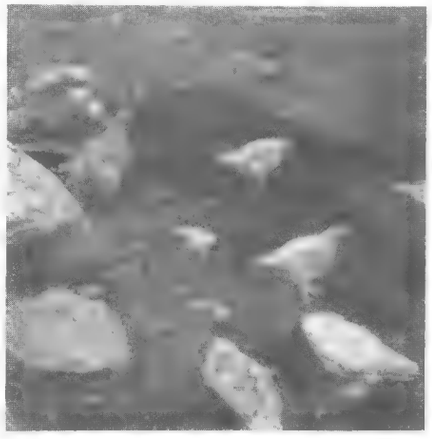
Of all large animals in the Canadian Rockies, the Black Bear is most diverting in habit. The ability to stand upright and to walk erect, the possession of a sweet tooth, the sudden alarm and almost frantic scrambling to safety in a tree top, the engaging appearance and behaviour of the tiny cubs—such traits and tricks lure many a camera from its case and tempt one to be prodigal with moving picture film. In recent years the Grizzly Bear has become somewhat of a recluse, living in remote parts of the mountains where he is seldom seen save by wardens and woodsmen. In the fall of the year, in Mount Assiniboine district, Grizzlies are seen quarrying for Marmots in the rock slides or ploughing the soil on Alpine meadows in quest of Ground Squirrels. The Cougar or Mountain Lion, native to the Rockies, is a wary creature, remaining concealed during the hours of daylight. It is arch-enemy to the Mule Deer and is noted as a long distance walker. A smaller member of the cat tribe—the Canada Lynx—hunts Varying Hares in Bow Valley and is a night prowler, having very yellow eyes and a somewhat cowardly disposition.



Black Bear

The Coyote or Prairie Wolf also ranges in the mountains and may at times be observed on grasslands or in aspen poplar woods in the neighbourhood of Banff. Wolves and Foxes are rare. Members of the Weasel clan, such as Pine Marten, Mink, Otter, Skunk, Wolverine and Badger live in this part of the Canadian Rockies, but the presence of these creatures is seldom revealed save by tell-tale tracks in glacial clay at the river's edge or in peaty soil by the margin of a mountain tarn.

Of Rodents there are many varieties. Largest of all, and perhaps most interesting, is the Canada Beaver. Great numbers of these creatures now inhabit the banks of Bow River and its tributaries, their houses, dams and tree fellings being visible at many points along the highway linking Banff with Lake Louise. Hoary Marmots find refuge in massive rock slides in Paradise Valley, on the Plain of Six Glaciers and by the shores of Consolation Lake. This large Ground Hog, commonly called Siffleur or Whistler may be heard broadcasting a shrill alarm note or seen waddling clumsily from boulder to boulder throughout sunny days of summer. Next door neighbour to the Marmot is a small creature called Coney or Pika or Little Chief Hare. In appearance it resembles the Guinea Pig and is noted for making hay while the sun shines and for storing this fodder against famine days of winter. It is rare at Banff but may be seen in almost any rock moraine in Lake Louise district. Porcupines inhabit all the pine woods. Red Squirrels are abundant. Columbia Ground Squirrels or Gophers scurry across motor highways, escaping sudden death by a tyre breadth. Muskrats furrow the waters of Vermilion Lake. Chipmunks sit erect on sun-warmed rocks by the wayside or frisk amongst the Iceland Poppies at Chateau Lake Louise. No rabbits are native to this part of the Rockies, neither may any poisonous snake be found throughout the length and breadth of this Paradise of the Nature lover.



White-Tailed Ptarmigan

In dealing with birds of the Banff-Lake Louise region mention can only be made of such as are likely to come within notice of the casual observer in summer, or are not common elsewhere. Permanent dwellers in the pine woods include Clarke's Crow or Nutcracker, Canada Jay or Whisky Jack, Crossbill, Pine Grosbeak and several varieties of Woodpecker. Prominent amongst the lesser birds of prey are Sharp-Shinned Hawks and

BIRD LIFE

DAN McCOWAN, Field Naturalist

Sparrow Hawks. Rarely will White-Headed Eagles be seen but Golden Eagles are fairly common, nesting on great cliffs such as Big Bee Hive at Lake Agnes and Tower of Babel near Moraine Lake. In recent years Magpies and Crows have become plentiful but Ravens are scarce.

From gravel bars by the side of Kicking Horse River the Spotted Sandpiper and the Killdeer make plaintive outcry, whilst almost every waterfall in the Rockies furnishes accompaniment to the song of the Water Ouzel, a curtseying bird that sings in winter as in summer. Bank Swallows and Tree Swallows frequent Lake Wapta in great numbers and for several years a large colony of Cliff Swallows has nested on Bow Bridge at Banff. The rattle of the Belted Kingfisher echoes across quiet waters, the silence of placid lake is broken by the cry of the Osprey or Fish Hawk. In covert of forest undergrowth Ruffed Grouse and Franklin Grouse are at home. A large sooty-blue grouse called Richardsons is present on thinly wooded slopes.

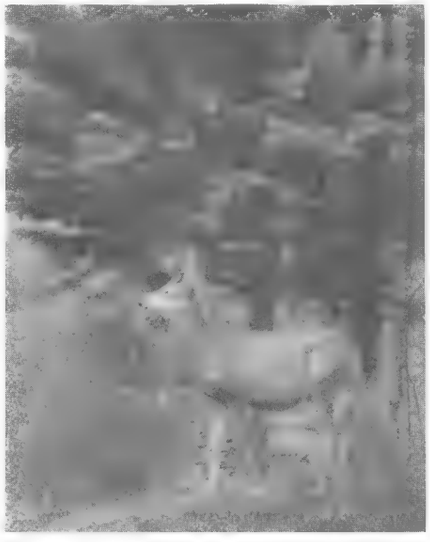


Pintail Duck

The White-tailed Ptarmigan, related to the Grouse of Scotland, finds food and shelter amongst heath and false heather by the shores of Lake McArthur and on moors by the High Line Trail in Yoho.

Rufous Humming Birds dart amongst flowers on the terraces at Banff Springs. Western Robins, Pine Siskins, and Grey-Crowned Finches are often on the lawns at Chateau Louise. In shady woods by Snowpeak avenue the song of Wilson's Thrush may be heard. Olive-backed Thrushes nest in willows around Banff. Several species of Grebe swim and dive in lakes and rivers of the Rockies. In early summer Vermilion Lakes are tenanted by many Coots, the reedy shores also affording shelter to a chorus of Red-winged Blackbirds. Here too, at evening, the voice of the Bittern is heard.

Few of the mountain tarns lack the presence of one Loon. Moraine Lake is favoured by Harlequin Ducks. Buffleheads and Pintail Ducks resort to the solitudes at Boom Lake. Mergansers find good fish to eat in Twin Lakes near Castle Mountain camp.



Mule Deer

Of Warblers, the Audubon and the Yellow are most readily seen. Chipping Sparrows and White Crowned Sparrows are numerous. The sight of a Mountain Bluebird never fails to delight the eye. The flute-like notes of the Western Meadowlark are ever pleasing to the ear.

WITH ROD AND GUN

OF THE several varieties of sporting fishes found in the many streams and lakes of this region, the Cut-throat Trout is most important. Equally at home in the surge of rushing foaming brooks, or under the ripples of a mountain tarn—it rises freely to a fly and is a game fighter, giving the angler many an anxious moment ere the landing net can be used. Headwaters of Cascade River, Spray River and Spray Lakes, Mystic Lake and Sawback Lake—all within easy reach of Banff—are favorite haunts of these fine trout.

For the angler who can go further afield there are splendid streams in Mount Assiniboine district, waters from whence the Osprey obtains an easy livelihood and in which the roving Otter is tempted to become a permanent resident. When the wind sits in the right quarter there are great



Landing one at Twin Lakes © A.S.N.

trout rising in Wapta Lake. These may best be lured by dry fly—Greenwells Glory or Royal Coachman for choice. Lake O'Hara, recently stocked with trout from the Dominion Government Hatchery at Banff, is now yielding nice baskets. In Twin Lakes and Boom Lake (near Castle Mt. Chalet-Bungalow Camp) trout of good pan size are plentiful. Consolation Lake, Ross Lake and pools on Bow River—all within short distance of Chateau Louise—are delightful places for the philosophical fisherman who has an eye for the beauty of wild flower meadows and an ear for the sound of South winds singing in the pines.

Lake Minnewanka at Banff contains Lake trout of great size, specimens of thirty and forty pounds weight being not uncommon. Trolling from boats is the method employed here. Dolly Varden or Bull trout are found in sluggish parts of Bow River. Rocky Mts. Whitefish, locally called Grayling, are also present in this river. Nipigon and Rainbow trout have been introduced to streams in the region but, so far, the planting has been more or less experimental.

While hunting is forbidden within the National Parks of the Canadian Rockies, there are unrivalled opportunities for big game in territory to the north and south of Banff and Lake Louise outside the Park limits.

Canadian Pacific hotels and bungalow camps are good starting points for hunting grounds where Rocky Mountain Sheep (the 'big horn'), mountain goat, grizzly and black bear, moose and deer are generously distributed with chances for elk or wapiti in certain sections. Among other splendid hunting districts might be mentioned the Kootenay and Cariboo, while the British Columbia coast and the country inland from it constitute a practically virgin field affording markedly favorable possibilities.

The famous Cassiar region in Northern B.C. is recognized as one of the finest sporting areas of the North American Continent, offering an unusual variety and abundance of big game.

TRAIL RIDING on Top of the World



Along the mountain trails



Mount Assiniboine Camp © A.R.



At Lake of the Hanging Glaciers

AVIATION has its thrills. Exploring the glistening peaks of the Alps is not without its fascination—but for those who prefer to take "Nature neat," nothing surpasses the joy of trail riding in the Canadian Rockies. There, astride a nimble pony, you are transported by flying hoofs, up from a world of ultra sophistication to the mountain tops.

Seven years ago, away up in the Canadian Rockies, a blustering blizzard was rip snorting across the Wolverine Plateau, beating furiously against a lone teepee which stood on a carpet of drenched white heather. Within were a small group of artists, writers and business men—with a guide—all drawn together by a common love of exploring the mountains on horseback. During their enforced delay they might have been discussing art, these men; equally well they might have been playing poker, but instead they were gradually formulating a scheme for an order which should number in its ranks men and women with a love of horses and an appreciation of the beauty of the mountains. They were destined to become the Fathers of a Constitution, were this party—not of a country or a state, but of "an international order that knows neither creed, color, nor profession—The Trail Riders."

Now Karl Marx and Mr. Stalin notwithstanding, this little group believed that competition was the spice of life. And when one of them ejaculated "Buttons" the result was a graded hierarchy. There are the rank and file, who have ridden fifty miles more or less, and who are distinguished by a bronze button. There are the hundred-milers with silver buttons, and the five-hundred-milers with gold buttons. Above them rank the thousand-milers and the twenty-five-hundred mile trailers, who with their enamelled gold buttons number almost one hundred.

Each applicant is handled by a membership committee with the strictness of a tribunal classifying war recruits. When the committee has given your case serious consideration, the appropriate button, with the official bulletin of the organization, announcing the place and date of the next powwow, is forwarded, and you have arrived.

To-day the order numbers some fifteen hundred members with practically every Province in the Dominion and State in the Union represented, and riders from all parts of England and Australia on the register.

An annual ride is held by the order near the end of July. Starting from Banff it lasts four days. Good fellowship is the key to its success. Good fellowship? It begins right up in Banff Springs Hotel where the secretary-treasurer enrolls new members. It continues when Col. Phil. A. Moore hands out the identification tags—"one for the horse, one for the saddle and one for the duffle bag"—with a far-fetched story for good measure. It reaches a climax when the riders get together—thirty-three degree trail riders and novices who think a "sinker" is something used in fishing.

Not at random is the route chosen. Knowing men plan it to afford the maximum in scenic beauty. And usually a concession is made to the fishermen of the party, who, on one afternoon at least, have the opportunity of displaying their prowess. Where success attends their efforts, the camp bears with equanimity their rather lengthy stories.

Riding along, you are perhaps a little bewildered with the unending varieties of flowers and grasses abounding on every side. Then one day you ride with Dan McCowan—Dan, naturalist, photographer and philosopher—who, with no assumption of superior knowledge, but with a very decided Scotch accent, opens up new realms of undreamed-of beauty.

Lunch—a cigarette—then on to the evening camping ground. At the sight of the already pitched teepees (the pack train having gone ahead at lunch) the ponies break into a gallop and the day's ride is over. Having retrieved your duffle bag with the help of your omniscient guide, you wash a bit and kodak a bit and talk a bit while the Irish cook redoubles his efforts. Then from the cook the cry rings out, "Come and get it!" No second invitation is ever necessary.

Evening—and the shadows are lengthening on the encircling mountains. As the dusk deepens, a huge camp fire is built and in the stillness of the mountains the songs of the Trail Riders re-echo—rollicking songs of the trail or plaintive melodies with a deeper note.

All too quickly the hours pass and the camp fire is burning low. Then guides serve cocoa and "sinkers" and fragrant beds of pine boughs call. One by one the candles are extinguished in the teepees. The camp sleeps—the peace of the evening broken only by the clang of some pony's hobble or the voice of the night rider.



The Empress Hotel, Victoria

© A.S.N.

CANADA'S EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND

It is a strange combination of climatic conditions which has given Canada in Vancouver Island and the British Columbia coast country an Evergreen Playground where one may golf, swim, play tennis, yacht and in general lead an out-of-doors life the year round. Extremes of temperature are unknown. When winter sports are at their zenith in Quebec, golf is in full swing in Canada's Evergreen Playground, for the warm Japan current, sweeping southward, exercises a tempering effect. So in summer, when the mercury may be touching new highs in the east, it is always pleasantly cool on the Pacific coast, the everchanging tidal waters keeping the day temperature moderate and the nights cool. Weathermen, indeed, will tell you that the climate practically duplicates the "optimum" or ideal.

The story of the discovery and exploration of this region is shot through with romance. Drake visited it when harrying the Spaniards. Cook came, too, and Vancouver left an indelible imprint on the pages of its history. Traders arrived in the wake of the explorers and from a trading post which they established on the southern tip of Vancouver Island grew Victoria, that regal city of homes and gardens. Lumber men saw the illimitable potentialities of the country's forests and from a lumber camp grew the thriving city of Vancouver. And the aborigines? Coast Indians they were who hunted salmon as their brothers farther east hunted the buffalo. They, too, have woven colorful strands in the romantic background of the Evergreen Playground, and their lore has been given to the world in the pages of the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, and inscribed more primitively on graven stones and painted totem poles which dot this region.

All summer sports are indulged in—and indulged in the year round! Golf? The glorious climate, beautiful surroundings and careful course architecture make the Evergreen Playground a wonder country for the wielder of the mashie and the niblick. In and around Victoria there are eleven courses; in Vancouver and vicinity eleven, too, and playing privileges are cordially extended to visitors.

Yachting is a favorite relaxation in the Evergreen Playground, and if you are a yachtsman the commodore of your club will arrange introductions with local clubs. Between the east coast of Vancouver Island and the mainland is that shimmering sea called the Gulf of Georgia. These beguiling waters stretch for over four hundred miles up the coast of British Columbia. Even in winter months yachtsmen enjoy their avocation, the log of the "Wyvern II," of Parksville, Vancouver Island, reading on a Christmas Day, "Out with Alex and Brian under power one and a half miles from shore. Nice day."

For swimming, Vancouver boasts six sandy beaches while Victoria has one of the largest indoor salt-water swimming pools on the continent. Tennis, riding, hiking—there are facilities for them all.

There are, too, superb possibilities for fishing and hunting and on Vancouver Island fishing may be enjoyed the year round. In January, February and March there are grilse, spring salmon and steel-head trout. Trout fishing, all species, opens in March and the above continue through April. In May a small run of cohoe salmon adds to the variety, while in June, black bass, too, are available, making the offerings trout, black bass, grilse and cohoe salmon. In July delete the grilse and cohoe salmon from the above calendar, substituting the summer run of steelheads. Add tyees in August. In September there are trout, tyees and cohoe salmon, black bass and steelheads. Delete black bass in October and in November prepare for some extra special steelhead fishing which is then at its best. Could any fisherman's calendar be more complete?



Butchart Gardens, Victoria

© A.S.N.

As to the "where" and the "how," consult the information desk in the Empress Hotel or the Hotel Vancouver. For hunting information, sportsmen will be well advised to consult the General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific, Montreal, who is in touch with scouts in the district and is in a position to furnish up-to-the-minute information.

Social and sports centre of the Evergreen Playground is Victoria. Regal in name and regal in beauty this quiet city, which combines the charm of Old England with the simplicity of Colonial days, is picturesquely situated at the southern tip of Vancouver Island. Ships laden with the wealth of the Orient dock within its sheltering breakwater, its inner harbor is a landlocked basin surrounded with close-shorn lawns and stately buildings. In the opposing panorama are the snow-clad Olympics and the more distant mainland ranges.

In Victoria one stays at The Empress. The atmosphere is not that of a conventional hotel, but rather that of an old English mansion with a gay house party in progress. The exquisite taste of the furnishings, the quiet, unobtrusive service and the air of gracious hospitality help to create the illusion within, while the spacious rose gardens, the ivy-clad walls, the conservatory and curving drives sweeping up to the massive doors belie, without, the conventional hotel.

From the Empress a path leads over velvet lawns to the Crystal Garden which houses one of the largest salt-water swimming pools on the continent together with Turkish baths and private sea-water baths, dance floors, promenades and badminton courts. Gay throngs continually frequent the Crystal Garden, for it is Victoria's favorite rendezvous and amusement centre.

A few minutes' walk from the hotel stand in cathedral serenity the massive domed Parliament Buildings, for Victoria is the legislative capital of British Columbia. Within you will find museums of natural history, mineral exhibits, Indian relics and maps, charts and logs of discovery days which mirror the romantic history of the Province.

Then with a car or in one of the luxurious busses which leave The Empress daily you can explore the highways which radiate from Victoria. The famous Pacific Highway wends its way through the Coldstream Valley and up over the Malahat Drive, affording a wonderful view over the distant island-dotted Gulf of Georgia to the distant mainland.

Another entrancing drive is through the Saanich Peninsula to the famous Butchart Gardens at Tod Inlet, where a former limestone quarry has been converted from a yawning chasm into a garden famed for its beauty the world over. Yet another drive is along the foreshore, which blazes with golden broom, through Beacon Hill Park, along Marine Drive with its superb views of the distant Olympics, past the Uplands with its gnarled oaks and back to the city. There are still to be seen, of course, the residential streets with their glorious gardens, and the astrophysical observatory, but "one seeing is worth a thousand tellings" and Victoria taxed even the descriptive powers of Kipling.

Vancouver is connected with Victoria by the "Princess" steamships of the Canadian Pacific British Columbia Coast Service, described elsewhere in this booklet. An intensely vital city, with the suggestion of enormous future expansion, Vancouver presents a striking contrast to the more "re-



On the 7th at Oak Bay, Victoria

served" Victoria. Possessing a magnificent harbor, it is at once the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian gateway to the Orient. White Empresses of the Pacific dock there from the east; ships come, too, from the lands "down under" and unload their cargoes into the waiting trains which distribute them to the four corners of the continent.

But Vancouver has charms for the visitor, too. From the waterfront the city rises in tiers of splendid buildings. Facing it on a sunny slope is north Vancouver and behind that, high up in the blue, the couchant "Lions." You will make your headquarters at the Hotel Vancouver, another of the chain of seventeen Canadian Pacific hotels which stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Commandingly situated overlooking the Strait of Georgia, the "Vancouver" is an imposing edifice with an atmosphere of quiet dignity.

Among the beauty spots in Vancouver is Stanley Park, world famous for its giant trees, its wealth of foliage and primitive beauty. Interesting points in this vast natural Park are the Harding Memorial, the Zoological Gardens and one of Vancouver's six bathing beaches, English Bay. Crowds throng the Park daily for it is a favorite spot both with the citizen and visitor.

Then you must take the 25-mile Marine Drive which passes through the city's residential sections and affords glorious views of the Strait of Georgia, with snow-capped mountains and the shoreline of Vancouver Island in the distance, and Mt. Baker's snowy peak in Washington. Another spot which well repays a visit is Grouse Mountain. Beneath the Chalet at its summit stretches the wonderful panorama of Vancouver, the Fraser Valley and the Gulf of Georgia.

Mention has been made of Mt. Baker and, indeed, it is one of the most prominent objects of the landscape seen from the vicinity of Vancouver. Over 10,000 feet in height, the "Great White Watcher" of Indian lore lies about 100 miles south in a National Forest in the State of Washington and can be reached easily by automobile. Mt. Baker Lodge, in the heart of this forest and alpine vacation land, is the centre from which to visit this magnificent region.

En route to or from Vancouver and Victoria, a visit should be paid to Harrison Hot Springs, 80 miles from Vancouver on Harrison Lake. Here, amid wonderful scenery, are two hot, health-giving, radio-active springs, one with the sulphur content predominating, the other potash. A splendid hotel has been built with a well-equipped medical and hydro-therapy department, though the holiday maker is as much at home at Harrison Hot Springs as the invalid. This resort is easily reached, visitors travelling over the main line of the Canadian Pacific stopping off at Agassiz, where they are met by busses.

Victoria, Vancouver, Harrison Hot Springs—when should one come ? In spring the hedgerows are white with drifts of flowering dogwood and the orchards buried in apple blossom. In summer the woods lend their grateful shade and the nights are soft and cool, and fragrant with the balsam and the pine. In the Fall the maples and cottonwood glow like torches against the sombre green of the conifers. And in winter ? You will find a temperate climate in which flowers and shrubs still bloom, and outdoors sports go on with undiminished vigor—for this is Canada's *Evergreen* Playground.



Totem Poles—Alert Bay

LURE OF ALASKA

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

ALASKA, Land of the Midnight Sun, land of contrast, of beauty and mystery!

Amid its ageless hills it slept for centuries, hidden and aloof, an Arctic fastness where only the wheeling birds swept down from the sky to feed in its lush muskeg pools or where tiny Esqimaux and Indian bands in crude dugout canoes pushed on to the sealing, fishing and whaling grounds of a primeval empire.

Alaska, eternal contrast, where the hand of Man has traced but a few insignificant lines on the rugged face of its cliffs and fjords, yet where Man, with his gigantic machinery, each year removes untold wealth in fish, in furs, in gold and in other precious metals, scattering the largess of this fabulous land to the far corners of the earth.

Alaska! The Yukon! There is a glamour, a suggestion of high adventure in the very names.

At almost the turn of the golden Twentieth Century, Alaska and its Canadian neighbor, the Yukon, leaped into world prominence as a fabulous land of wealth that lay in the golden sands of its rushing creeks and rivers. The name of the Northland was on millions of lips throughout the nations. Men begged, borrowed and even stole the wherewithal to reach its rocky shores and push into the bonanzas of Dawson Creek and the Klondike.

For centuries a sleeping, well-nigh impenetrable wilderness, Alaska became overnight the cynosure of the world's eyes. With its gold and its furs it began to yield its ancient secrets of Indian lore; its beauties, its mysteries of climate and soil and the charms that lay hidden in a thousand fjords and bays along a thousand miles of rugged, timbered coastline.

Each year ever-increasing numbers of travellers push northward in luxurious steamers to this mystic, awe-inspiring North revelling in its beauty, caught in its glamour and thrilled by the vastness of its shoreline panorama unfolding mile after mile along the sunlit waters of the famed Inside Passage.

Lazy, health-giving days on the decks of a "Northern Princess"—one of the stout, trim little liners which freight the summer sightseer under the red and white checkered houseflag of the world-renowned Canadian Pacific to the Alaskan wonderland. Deck tennis, dancing on the afterdeck in the Northland's night-long twilight, sunny hours in deck chairs gazing at a succession of breath-taking views—Alert Bay, quaint Indian village on Vancouver Island where colorful totem poles graphically relate tribal history of the centuries in a series of brilliant designs and hieroglyphics—Ketchikan, also with its totem poles and Indian lore; Taku Glacier, vast remnant of the ice age where sightseers pause to be reminded that this is the North, despite hot suns and July temperatures—Juneau and Wrangell, important fishing centres once held by the Russian Czars, and finally, at the end of the voyage, Skagway, roaring centre of the Gold Rush where bearded miners spent their dust, drank red-eye in a hundred saloons, dealt faro or whirled roulette in as many gambling halls; lived and had their fling in the midst of a mad, feverish scramble for gold unparalleled in the world's history.

There, in Skagway, is the Alaska—and the Yukon, too, of yesterday. In Skagway and in Dawson City are many mementos of those hectic days. You are reminded of this country's golden history when you walk into a bank in Dawson and see the legend "Gold Dust Teller" over one of the grilled cages where a neatly-dressed, quiet-spoken youth carefully weighs the precious dust on finely balanced scales, giving the depositor the equivalent of its value in crisp bank notes and shining silver. In Skagway and Dawson still live little bands of survivors of that rushing decade. These are the Sourdoughs, and it needs but a word from the tourist to bring from them a colorful outpouring of reminiscences. They tell you stories of Klondike River and Bonanza Creek, where the first great gold discovery was made in '96, and if you are in Dawson they point out the cabin wherein dwelt Robert W. Service, immortal bard of the Gold Rush and the North. And at Dawson the Sourdoughs take you to Bonanza Creek, high above the town, and show you the huge gold dredges scarring the valleys with deep rig and furrow. It was not so in their day, they tell you. They, the pioneers, worked with pick and shovel and crude, home-made sluice-box and cradle.

They point out Service's cabin. He was a great lad, they remark, for he read the miners' hearts, saw good in the worst of them, caught the romance

and the glamour of that great rush for the golden river bottoms and paused long enough to put it into verse so the world might read and marvel. Then they show you Moosehide, the Indian village adjoining Dawson. There is color, the old North before gold was found and the white man came in his struggling thousands.

The North abounds in names the very sound of which stirs a chord of memory for those mad, departed days—Skagway and Dawson City, the White Pass over which thousands on foot, with dogs and horses, pushed their tedious, heart-breaking way in the grip of a ghastly winter; Dead Horse Gulch, where rough but kind-hearted men sent bullets into the heaving bodies of their spent horses when the race for the gold fields became more than flesh could bear; Five-Finger Rapids where the rushing Yukon spreads like a human hand to snatch the unwary—the Klondike and Dawson Creek, ends of the golden rainbow to reach which men sold their bodies and their souls.

But Alaska, land of contrasts, has more than the lingering romance of a gigantic scramble for gold. Its summer days are endless. Southerners who read of the North in Winter need to know that in Skagway, in Blanchard's world-renowned gardens, pansies are three and a half inches wide and nasturtium vines grow three inches in twenty-four hours!

Alaska, the Yukon, lands of great distances, rugged mountains, rushing rivers where the caribou swim in thousands in their spring migrations from one feeding ground to another, offering a sight unrivalled and inspiring, is reached from Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle by a sheltered sea route that holds interest every minute of the way.

The Inside Passage winds up the Coast of British Columbia past Queen Charlotte Sound, Milbank Sound and Dixon Entrance where, against the horizon, you may see the blowing of giant whales as they hump through the sea. Through the portholes, forested islands drift past, their reflections mirrored on the still waters; mountainous islands but not forbidding. Taku Glacier, set in the end of Taku Inlet, a vast wall of green ice, cracking and setting adrift myriad little icebergs that dot the waters for miles. The Alaskan Panhandle unfolding an ever-changing panorama of beauty. Juneau, where passengers go ashore to visit the museum and view the old lamp carved in stone and to marvel at its sheer exquisite craftsmanship, and to handle the old Chinese talisman coins, some trinkets and the skeletons of their owners found lying beside them in ancient times, and finally Skagway, now as it was in '98, centre of romance and high adventure.

And all the way, cool days, nights that never quite become dark, ever-changing lights and shadows on a thousand miles of sheltered water in a wonderland of islands and deep fjords.



S.S. White Horse in the Five Fingers Rapids

A Canadian Pacific "Princess" at Taku Glacier





Caribou swimming the Yukon River during their migration

© F.N.

CARIBOU MIGRATIONS

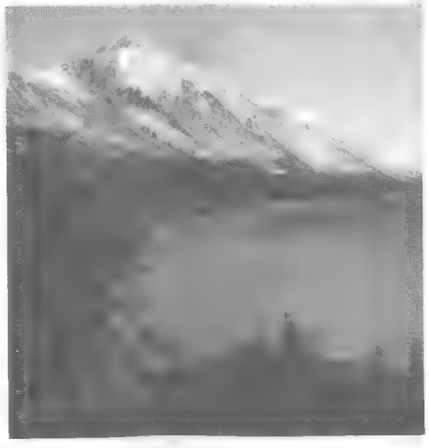
By FREDERICK NIVEN

Seen from a distance, as the steamer takes a curve of that river of many windings, the Yukon, they look at first sight like drift-wood, fallen forest trees in the flood. Drawing nearer, we realize that they are not being washed down in the current but are valiantly swimming across the stream. Caribou! The caribou! goes the word along the decks. What we took for branches are their antlers. We are witnessing the great spring migration of the caribou herds from their winter quarters in the Coast Range to their summer feeding ground in the far interior of Yukon Territory.

Anywhere from Carmacks to Stewart we may see them in the month of July, eastward-bound. The high banks are scarred with their trails. Sometimes, coming along just after a herd has passed, we see them strung out from base to crest and, on the ridge, some great stag rigid, looking down on the way he has come, a noble silhouette against the sky, with all the glory of his antlers. The river steamer does not seem to perturb them. At times they put on speed to swim across the bows. At times, as the boat veers in the winding of the channel, they tread water to let it pass, and are so close alongside that we can see their nostrils dilating as they swim, see the color of their eyes and texture of their coats. Often they stop to graze in the lush meadows alongshore and passengers, with the naked eye or with binoculars, try to make a tally of the size of one herd out of the many herds seen thus almost stationary.

Occasionally a fawn, when they take to the water at a broad stretch of the river, grows weary and lags, and then a doe will turn back to encourage it. Or a tired fawn may raise its head and rest it on the mother's flank for support. This migration of the caribou is the only sight of its sort to be seen on the American continent since the buffalo herds, all but annihilated, ceased to make their great trek north and south on the prairies, the barbed wire and the motor-cars having now claimed what a generation ago was, on the maps, the Great American Desert, and their pasturage.

On board ship, at our ease, going down Yukon River on that memorable inland voyage to Dawson, we pass through primitive wilderness, glide through the very recesses of untamed land. The annual migration of these great herds of caribou from the Alaskan Range and the Coast Range goes on to the headwaters of Pelly River, the Macmillan and Stewart River. Arrived there, the herds head north, then north-west through the summer and, on in the autumn, they return across Yukon below Dawson, heading south-west again for their winter quarters. A few return the way they went; some remain in inland valleys all winter. It is a question of fodder and, in winter, of shelter. But the main trek, the migration of the herds as a whole, is as stated, in a great sweep eastwards across Yukon to the Pelly, the Macmillan, the Stewart River headwaters, and back across the Yukon to the headwaters of the White River.



Lake Bennett

If you time your trip into the north so that you are on the Yukon River between Whitehorse and Dawson in the month of July, almost certainly you will witness this memorable sight. One day the boat will take a curve and there, ahead, will be a herd crossing the great swerving stream, at first sight looking like a raft of fallen trees but soon revealed for what it is —caribou by the score, by the hundred, sometimes a thousand strong, antlered stags, does, and urgent little fawns, at the dictate of ancient instinct swimming the river, as for hundreds of years they have crossed it on their great spring migration.



"Princess Charlotte" of the Canadian Pacific British Columbia Coast Steamships

PACIFIC PRINCESSES

LINKING the outposts of the far-flung North Pacific Coast from Washington to Alaska is a fleet of coastal steamships characterized by marine experts as the finest coastal fleet in the world—the British Columbia Coast Steamship service of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is a steamship fleet which grew ahead of its needs, welded together the cities of Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle; spread out to reach the scattered islands of the Strait of Georgia, brought closer the mines, sawmills and vast pulp and paper mills of the British Columbia Coast and Vancouver Island, and skirted the rocky picturesque West Coast of Vancouver Island, linking a score of salmon canneries, fish reduction plants and fishing beds with the railhead and markets of Vancouver

The rapid expansion of the North Pacific Coast in the past forty years is inextricably bound up in the fast development and growth of this modern steamship service, outgrowth of a little fleet of paddle steamers which fifty years ago navigated the swift-flowing Columbia and Fraser Rivers, carrying the commerce of two golden decades in the history of north Pacific Slope.

Conceived as an extension of the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental railway providing a United States terminus at Seattle, the B.C. Coast Steamship Service has transcended that purpose. It has become the veins and arteries of life for countless thousands — lumbermen, fishermen, pulp and paper makers, Indians, farmers, frontiersmen, trappers, traders, miners and prospectors who have their being along the remote, scattered coastal settlements of Northern British Columbia and Alaska. Dwellers in little fishing settlements, lumber camps, mines, so remote that floating schoolhouses and hospitals are sent to them periodically through the years, know the red and white checkered houseflag of the Canadian Pacific and greet the funnel-smoke of each incoming "Pacific Princess" as an old and trusted friend.

"Pacific Princesses"—how well the designation suits them! Trim, smart-looking in their color scheme of black hull, white deck housings and upper works, buff-colored funnels and maroon trim. Funnels raked like a battle cruiser's, the delicate, racy lines of a clipper ship, they ride the waters of Puget Sound, Georgia Strait and the Inside Passage to Alaska with a grace and dignity that bespeak their regal birth.

Princess Marguerite, Princess Kathleen, fleet sister-ships boasting all the luxurious appointments of the latest and largest ocean liner, speed at twenty-one knots on the famous Triangle route between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

How different they are from the "R. P. Rithet" or the "Beaver" which slapped their paddles on the Fraser forty years ago!

Princess Jean and Princess Elizabeth, newest sisters of the fleet, not yet two years old, proud aristocrats fashioned with all the cunning and loving care of Scottish shipbuilders on the Clyde. These royal sisters, recognized as the most comfortable and commodious coastal steamers on the Pacific, provide service between Victoria and Vancouver on the midnight run. Together they could give stateroom accommodation for a war-strength regiment.

Armies of summer tourists and sightseers who find that the North Pacific Coast offers an unrivalled assortment of scenery under skies that are never too hot and cooled by breezes that blow from the sea with a stimulating and robustious tang, know the Triangle Route, the scenic cruise through the Gulf Islands, the eight-day voyage to Alaska through the wonderland of the Inside Passage and the Panhandle, studded with wooded islets, the short but breath-taking journey across the Gulf from Vancouver to Nanaimo, where the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway and the Island Highway open the doors to the heavily timbered areas of Vancouver Island, abounding in fish and game.

Many, too, know the Princess Norah and the Princess Maquinna, two members of the royal family of Pacific Princesses which maintain contact between Victoria and a score of picturesque fishing villages along the storied West Coast of Vancouver Island.

They have visited Nootka, quaint Indian settlement, where the British and Spanish held their historic conference in the eighteenth century, the Spanish finally agreeing to abandon the whole North Pacific to the English, and they have gone ashore at Ucleulet, Clayoquot and Quatsino for souvenirs.

From Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle the "Pacific Princesses" point the way to a hundred wonderlands—Alaska, the West Coast of Vancouver Island—Powell River and Comox where the fishing is of the best, Ocean Falls and Prince Rupert and en route Campbell River where the world-famous Tyee club makes its headquarters and where fishermen from all parts of the earth try with might and main to whip from the waters of that sportive stream a giant salmon which will win for them the bronze, the silver, or, more miraculously, the fabled gold medal of that exclusive sportsmen's organization.

But wherever they sail, these "Pacific Princesses," they take with them the spirit of the great transportation system they represent.



Alert Bay, B.C.

NORTH ALONG THE WEST COAST

VANCOUVER ISLAND

ONLY a few weeks ago I found, within easy reach of two great cities, Vancouver and Seattle, a breathless thrill of discovery; the joy of new lands, of the untrodden forest and resounding green shores.

The "Princess Norah," handsome white ship in the Canadian Pacific West Coast service, sails up that outside coast of Vancouver Island and back again. She is queen of all she surveys. Her arrival in one of the many busy little ports means intense activity. Even the dogs turn out to meet the steamer . . . on two docks handsome collies rushed madly out to catch the rope thrown ashore, and drag it to safety. People come down to get the mail, to meet their friends, to chat with the officers; it's society, business, pleasure and profit, for the "Princess Norah" and her sister ship the "Princess Maquina" are the only links with the outside world.

There are no railroads, no telegraph lines, no telephones; no roads link these ports with the great city of Victoria, sitting in state at the peak of the Island. It is no wonder that women in these little isolated settlements watch with somewhat wistful eyes as sophisticated and well-dressed strangers come down the gangplank, exclaim over the beauty of the heavy forests . . . and go away again, leaving silence in the deep bays.

For me that voyage north from Victoria was a week of perfect delight. Time dropped back for one hundred years along that mountainous coastline, where nature is rugged as the men whose tough spirits wrested it from aboriginal solitude.

History was made on those shores in the same year which saw the scattered American colonies winning their war for independence. It was in 1778 that Captain James Cook made his headquarters at Friendly Cove, near the entrance to Nootka Sound. Two ships dropped in, commanded by Lt. John Meares, in 1778; they stayed to build a trading post. Meares and his ships were captured by the Spaniards, an incident which almost brought on another war in Europe. Not that anybody needed another war at the time . . . they always kept a small war on hand.

Captain Vancouver was sent out by the English government in 1792 to take formal possession of the territory. He was a diplomat as well as a hardy sailor; the treaty was signed and sealed, far up that thundering coast; the Nootka Convention, which acknowledged the sovereignty of England. Northwest America became in that significant moment another outpost of Anglo-Saxon rather than Spanish civilization . . . a Canada rather than a Mexico. It was one of the decisive instants in world history . . . how many people know that?

Vancouver left, in his own handwriting, the journal of his meeting with the Spanish commandant, Bodega Y. Quadra. Even a careworn and travel-weary sailor paused a moment to pay tribute to the glories of this untouched virgin land, whose fern-draped shores set the scene for his quiet drama. His words were not too enthusiastic as he spoke of its serenity, its abundant fertility, and its endless vistas of pleasing landscape. The traveller of to-day sees nature as untouched and serene as Vancouver knew it.

My own ideas of a successful vacation are rather complex. I want wild country, stimulating new experiences, the explorer's original thrill; and I also want perfect comfort, modern conveniences, and the companionship of sophisticated, clever people. I want to enjoy the rough travel of broken hill trails, or the high-heeled laziness of luxurious afternoons on deck. I found adventure to my heart's content, and luxury which met every demand before I thought of it. The Canadian Pacific boats are famous for their dining service. The "Princess Norah," although she was on this thousand-mile run through wilderness and rocky isles, carried on the traditions of a proud fleet. Her flower-filled dining room maintained its atmosphere of easy, gracious hospitality.

Cool mornings on deck in a snapping wind. Swimming in the many inlets, or in the fresh-water lake at Matilda Creek. Jolly parties in small inns. Chatter with stolid, black-eyed Indians, whose colorful craft in basketry made the docks brilliant. Rows of Japanese and Indian girls in the big salmon canneries at Nootka, with laughing eyes that caught every expression and word as we sauntered through their spotless surroundings. Silk stockings gleamed between short dark skirts of rubber aprons, and high rubber boots, as these girls worked with incredible speed. Thousands of tins gleamed, as the long lines of containers passed the flashing brown hands. The trip is a series of unforgettable pictures, fixed on the film of memory.

Port Alice, at the further end of the run, is a buzzing hive . . . one of the large Canadian pulp mills sending immense quantities of high grade pulp to the Orient and to manufacturers of synthetic silks in the East. The little town boasts many refinements of life. Many of our passengers took time out for a game of golf on the Port Alice course . . . which is largely in a state of nature, and offers hazards and traps that put a new meaning on those well-worn terms.

The "Princess Norah" was a happy ship. People show themselves in true colors, in such intimate contact. Officers and crew of this gallant boat bent every effort to make their passengers happy. Travellers on board who had been everywhere and seen everything . . . you know the breed! . . . were satisfied with the service and shaken out of their habitual boredom by the splendor of this wild coast.



High Spots of the Canadian Rockies

including

Banff, Lake Louise, Yoho Valley, Wapta, Emerald Lake! Yours to explore and enjoy . . . at a cost of only $60.

Think of seeing Banff . . .Lake Louise . . . Yoho Valley . . . in the same breath with $60! Think of vacationing in the heart of the American Alps for one spell-binding week! Now you can do it, visiting palatial resorts like Banff Springs Hotel.

You travel de luxe in handsome big motors. You dine, not on special tour fare but on the regular table d'hote of resorts that cater to royalty and the world's great. And, if you reside south of the 49th parallel, the moment you cross the Border you're in "another country" where things are different! Come when you please . . . any time between June 15th and September 15th. Come on your two weeks' vacation! Or stop over en route to or from the Pacific Coast or Alaska!

Low Summer Rail Fares from all central points.

Lake Louise





Itinerary of the 6½ Glorious Days Tour

IT'S all included in your sixty dollars... meals, hotel rooms, chalet-bungalow camps, motoring fare, every necessary expense for the 6½ exciting days and nights.

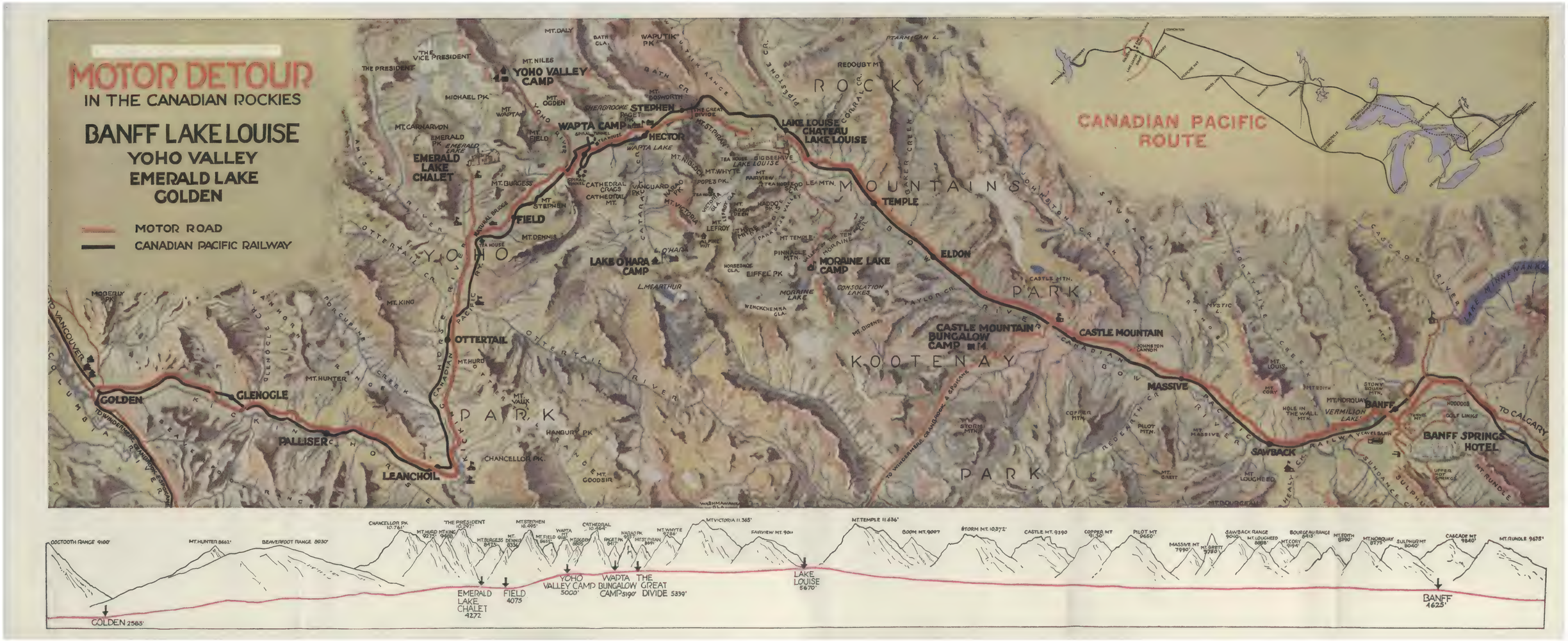
FROM THE EAST

1ST DAY 9:45 a.m. or 11 a.m.	Arrive Banff Station, Banff National Park . . . pile into big waiting busses . . . drive around quaint Banff village, down famous Bow Valley, over Mt. Rundle for gaspy panorama, into Buffalo Paddock beside big bison . . . then luncheon in medieval magnificence of Banff Springs Hotel.....	22 miles
4:00 p.m.	Leave Banff for spectacular motor run to Lake Louise . . . stop for half-hour stroll up cascaded Johnston Canyon.	
6:30 p.m.	Arrive Chateau Lake Louise—dinner, dancing, then a charming room.....	42 miles
2ND DAY	At Chateau Lake Louise—three meals and room provided, also optional drive to Moraine Lake and Valley of the Ten Peaks (10 a.m. or 2 p.m.) or pony ride to Lakes in the Clouds and Plain of the Six Glaciers tea houses.....	16 miles
3RD DAY	Breakfast at Chateau Lake Louise.	
9:00 a.m.	Leave Chateau by motor; cross The Great Divide.	
9:30 a.m.	Arrive Lake Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp—you are now in Yoho National Park, luncheon, dinner, and cabin provided.	8 miles
4TH DAY 9:30 a.m.	Breakfast at Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp. Leave Wapta by motor, through wild Kicking Horse River Pass . . . view from rustic Tea House perched above purple canyon.	
10:30 a.m.	Arrive Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp—luncheon, dinner and cabin provided...	13 miles
5TH DAY	At Yoho, three meals and cabin provided, all day to explore glacial close-ups, cathedral forest glens, easy trails and thrillers.	
6TH DAY	Breakfast at Yoho.	
10:15 a.m.	Leave by motor . . . spectacular hairpin turns . . . glacial-green Yoho River . . . the roaring Kicking Horse . . . sublime old Mt. Stephen . . . Natural Bridge.	
11:30 a.m.	Arrive Emerald Lake Chalet—luncheon, dinner, room provided.....	17 miles
7TH DAY	Breakfast and luncheon at Emerald Lake Chalet (no refund can be made for lunch not taken by guests leaving on early train).	
12:40 p.m.	Leave Emerald Lake; motor up towering aisles of pines, Snow Peak Avenue. Arrive Field Station for your train—the end of a perfect week.....	6 miles
		124 miles

FROM THE WEST

1ST DAY 1:15 p.m.	Arrive Field Station in Yoho National Park. Motor via Snow Peak Avenue, Mt. Stephen, Natural Bridge to Emerald Lake Chalet—dinner and room provided.....	6 miles
2ND DAY	Breakfast and luncheon at Emerald Lake Chalet.	
4:15 p.m.	Leave Emerald Lake by motor... spectacular Kicking Horse Trail, hairpin curves, gaspy panoramas.	
5:30 p.m.	Arrive Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp—luncheon, dinner and cabin room provided.....	17 miles
3RD DAY	At Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp—three meals and cabin provided.	
4TH DAY	Breakfast at Yoho Valley Chalet-Bungalow Camp.	
10:30 a.m.	Leave Yoho, motor to Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House through painted Pass.	
11:30 a.m.	Arrive Lake Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp—luncheon, dinner provided.....	13 miles
5TH DAY	Breakfast at Wapta Chalet-Bungalow Camp.	
11:30 a.m.	Leave by motor, cross Great Divide.	
12:00 noon	Arrive Chateau Lake Louise—luncheon, dinner and room provided.....	8 miles
6TH DAY	At Chateau Lake Louise—three meals and room provided, also optional drive to Moraine Lake and Valley of the Ten Peaks (10:00 a.m. or 2:00 p.m.) or pony ride to Lakes in the Clouds and Plain of The Six Glaciers tea houses.....	16 miles
7TH DAY	Breakfast at Chateau Lake Louise.	
9:00 a.m.	Leave Chateau for magnificent motor trip through Banff National Park, half hour stop to explore dells of Johnston Canyon.	
11:30 a.m.	Arrive at palatial Banff Springs Hotel for luncheon.....	42 miles
1:30–3:30 p.m.	General drive around Banff . . . down famous Bow Valley . . . over Mt. Rundle for bird's eye views . . . into Buffalo Paddock . . . through quaint Banff village. Dinner provided at Banff Springs Hotel (but no refund can be made to guests leaving on evening train if dinner is not taken).....	22 miles
	Motor to Banff Station for your train—carrying a heart full of priceless memories.....	2 miles
		124 miles

You people who have dreamed of seeing the majestic Rockies "someday" . . . get in touch with your agent at once for further information and reservations.


MOTOR DETOUR
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
BANFF LAKE LOUISE
YOHO VALLEY
EMERALD LAKE
GOLDEN
MOTOR ROAD
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK
KOOTENAY PARK
YOHO
GOLDEN
GLENOGLE
PALLISER
LEANCHOIL
OTTERTAIL
FIELD
EMERALD LAKE CHALET
YOHO VALLEY CAMP
WAPTA CAMP
HECTOR
STEPHEN
LAKE LOUISE CHATEAU LAKE LOUISE
TEMPLE
ELDON
LAKE O'HARA CAMP
MORAINE LAKE CAMP
CASTLE MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW CAMP
CASTLE MOUNTAIN
MASSIVE
SAWBACK
BANFF
BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL
TO CALGARY
TO VANCOUVER
TO WINDERMERE CRANBROOK & SPOKANE
COLUMBIA
KICKING HORSE RIVER
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
BOW RIVER
CASCADE RIVER
LAKE MINNEWANKA
MT. HURD 9275'
MT. HUNTER 8662'
MT. BURGESS 8473'
MT. DENNIS 8334'
MT. STEPHEN 10,495'
MT. FIELD 9863'
MT. OGDEN 8805'
CATHEDRAL 10,346'
MT. WHYTE 9784'
MT. VICTORIA 11,365'
FAIRVIEW MT. 9011'
MT. TEMPLE 11,636'
BOOM MT. 9007'
STORM MT. 10,372'
CASTLE MT. 9390'
COPPER MT 9150'
PILOT MT 9660'
MASSIVE MT 7990'
MT. BRETT 9780'
SAWBACK RANGE 9000'
MT. LOUGHEED 8988'
BOURGEAU RANGE 8413'
MT. CORY 9194'
MT. EDITH 8590'
MT. NORQUAY 8275'
SULPHUR MT 8040'
CASCADE MT 9840'
MT. RUNDLE 9675'
GOLDEN 2563'
EMERALD LAKE CHALET 4272'
FIELD 4075'
YOHO VALLEY CAMP 5000'
WAPTA BUNGALOW CAMP 5190'
THE GREAT DIVIDE 5339'
LAKE LOUISE 5670'
BANFF 4625'

CANADIAN PACIFIC WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM




ALASKA
YUKON TERRITORY
BRITISH COLUMBIA
PACIFIC OCEAN
DIXON ENTRANCE
HECATE STRAIT
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS
Swede Creek
DAWSON
Grand Forks
Ainslie
KLONDIKE
Indian River
Dominion
DISTRICT
Granville
WINTER
Sulphur
Reindeer
Orgilvie
Rosebud
Elcelsior
White Creek
Thistle Creek
Kirkman Creek
Coffee Creek
Baker Mt.
Klondike R.
MAYO MINING DISTRICT
McQuesten
Mayo
Mayo Lake
Stewart Crossing
Alberta
Hitchins
Wheelers
Pelly
MACMILLAN MTS.
Eifel Lake
Nogold Cr.
Macmillan River
Moose Lake
North Fork
South Fork
Tatlmain Lake
GLENLYON
YUKON CROSSING
Rink Rapids
Five Finger Rapids
Little Salmon
Big Salmon R.
Orchay R.
Ross R.
Kusa R.
PELLY MOUNTAINS
Pelly Banks Post
CAMPBELL MTS.
Fort Fe
Upper Post
Quiet Lake
Liard River
McConnell R.
Teslin Lake
Lower Post
Hyland
Centreville
Sylvester Landing
Porter Landing
Dease Lake
Laketon
Tagun
Nahlin
Inklin R.
Taku R.
Glenora
Telegraph Creek
Tahltan
Stikine R.
Klappan River
Iskut River
Echo Lake
Fork Creek
Fishing Lake
Thuling Lake
Skeena R.
Kuldo
Fort Connelly
Kitkargas
Babine River
Bulkley House
Tacla Lake
Babine Lake
Stuart
Rose Lake
Francois Lake
NAT.
Ootsa Lake
Eutsuk L.
Tetachuck Lake
Nechako R.
Blackwater
Tzacha Lake
Dean River
Bella Coola R.
Bella Coola
Alexis Creek
Chilko R.
Chilko Lake
Homathko R.
Knight Inlet
Bute Inlet
Pemberton
POWELL RIVER
Squamish
PAC. GT.
NORTH VANCOUVER
VANCOUVER
COQUITLAM
Haney
MISSION
Hazelton
Woodcock
Smithers
Terrace
Skeena City
Lakelse Lake
Kitwanga
Kitsumgallum
Kitwancool
Kispiox
Hazelton
Moricetown
Babine
Houston
Lake Kuldo
Fort Connelly
Site of
Stewart
Mt. Gladstone 4,800
Mt. Brown
Portland Canal
ANYOX
Cranby Bay
Naas River
Naas Bay
Mill Bay Cannery
PORT SIMPSON
Metlakahtla
PRINCE RUPERT
Rose Point
Massett
GRAHAM
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS
Skidegate
PORCHER ID.
MC CAULEY ID.
BANKS ID.
ESTEVAN ID.
PRINCESS ROYAL ID.
ARISTAZABLE ID.
SWANSON BAY
Lowe Inlet
Kittament
Claxton
Standard
PORT ESSINGTON
Ikeda Bay
Jedway
Collison Bay
Cape St. James
Cape Knox
Cape Muzon
Cape Chacon
Cape Fox
DUNDAS IDS.
DUKE ID.
Cape Addington
Cape Bartolome
NOYES ID.
BAKER ID.
DALL ID.
Howkan
Sukkwan
Hollis
Craig
Klawock
Kasaan
Tokeen
PRINCE FISHERY OF
Iphigenia Bay
Port Armstrong
Cape Ommaney
Cape Decision
Christiana Sound
CORONATION ID.
WECETA ID.
Whale Bay
Point Ellis
Beaucieh
Sitka Sound
SITKA
Sanitarium
Cape Edgecumbe
KRUZOF ID.
Chichagof
Gypsum
Tenakee
ISLAND
Rodman Bay
Chatham Strait
ADMIRALTY ISLAND
Killisnoo
Kake
KUIU ID.
KUPREANOF ID.
Frederick Sound
Cape Fanshaw
Port Snettisham
Indian Village
Sumdum
Windham
Chuck Mining Camp
Tree Point
Funter Bay
Auke Bay
JUNEAU
Douglas
Treadwell
Taku Harbor
Taku Inlet
Cape Cross
Chichagof
Hoonah
Hawkinlet
Tenakee
Cape Edgecumbe
Sitka Sound
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Cape Bartolome
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Howkan
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Craig
Klawock
Kasaan
Tokeen
PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND
Thorne Arm
Port Protection
Wrangell Narrows
Duncan Canal
Frederick Sound
Sumner Strait
Clarence Strait
Dixon Entrance
Cape Muzon
Cape Chacon
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DUNDAS IDS.
DUKE ID.
Cape Knox
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ESTEVAN ID.
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SWANSON BAY
Lowe Inlet
Kittament
Claxton
Standard
PORT ESSINGTON
Ikeda Bay
Jedway
Collison Bay
Cape St. James
Hecate Strait
Milbank Sound
BELLA BELLA
HUNTER ID.
CALVERT ID.
NAMU
Cannery
Queen Charlotte Sound
Cape Scott
HOLBERG
QUATSINO
ALERT BAY
PORT ALICE
SIFFORD ID.
Knight Inlet
Bute Inlet
Homathko R.
Chilko R.
Chilko Lake
Alexis Creek
Bella Coola
Bella Coola R.
Dean Channel
OCEAN FALLS
KING ID.
Milbank Sound
Kimsquit
Dean
Blackwater
Tzacha Lake
Nahlin
Tagun
Laketon
Porter Landing
Dease Lake
Sylvester Landing
Telegraph Creek
Tahltan
Glenora
Stikine R.
Klappan River
Iskut River
Echo Lake
Fork Creek
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Woodcock
Smithers
Terrace
Skeena City
Lakelse Lake
Kitwanga
Kitsumgallum
Kitwancool
Kispiox
Moricetown
Babine
Houston
Lake
Kuldo
Fort Connelly
Stewart
Mt. Gladstone 4,800
Mt. Brown
Portland Canal
ANYOX
Cranby Bay
Naas River
Naas Bay
Mill Bay Cannery
PORT SIMPSON
Metlakahtla
PRINCE RUPERT

MOTOR DRIVES IN THE ROCKIES

Operated by

BREWSTER TRANSPORT COMPANY

MOTOR DETOUR: Banff-Golden

The Motor Detour is designed to give Canadian Pacific eastbound or westbound passengers an opportunity of seeing the scenic highlights of the Canadian Rockies in the limited time they may have at their disposal. Going *WEST*, passengers leave their train at Banff and make the Detour to Golden in the comfortable busses of the Brewster Transport Company. From Golden they resume their rail journey. Going *EAST*, passengers leave the train at Golden, resuming their rail journey at Banff.

Highlights of the Motor Detour include Banff, Lake Louise, The Great Divide, the Kicking Horse Canyon, Yoho Valley and Emerald Lake.

Stop-over privileges are allowed at any point *en route*. Passengers may therefore spend three or four days, or even longer, on the Detour. It can, however, be made in 24 hours by those whose time is strictly limited.

THE LARIAT TRAIL: Three Days—Three National Parks

This magnificent 300 mile ride not only follows the same route as the Motor Detour mentioned above, but also includes the far-famed Banff-Windermere Road. Overnight stops at Emerald Lake Chalet and Radium Hot Springs Chalet-Bungalow Camp.

RAWHIDE TRAIL TRIP: Emerald Lake—Waterton Lakes

This 2½ day trip runs between Emerald Lake and Waterton Lakes (in both directions) through the Kicking Horse Canyon, Columbia River Valley and the Crow's Nest Pass. Overnight stops are made at Radium Hot Springs Chalet-Bungalow Camp and Blairmore.

BANFF GENERAL DRIVE

A comprehensive 2½ hour drive round Banff including the Sulphur Springs, Buffalo Park, Tunnel Mountain and the Golf Links. 22 miles.

BANFF—LAKE LOUISE

An enchanting 42 mile drive with a stop at Johnston Canyon. Operated in both directions.

LAKE MINNEWANKA

A combined 3 hour motor and launch trip to Lake Minnewanka, from Banff.

LAKE LOUISE to EMERALD LAKE via YOHO VALLEY

Across The Great Divide and along the Canyon of the Kicking Horse River. 42 miles one way, 3 hours. Return, all day.

LAKE LOUISE TO MORAINE LAKE AND VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

Unsurpassed scenic drive mid mountains towering ten and eleven thousand feet above the sea. 18 miles, 2½ hours.

YOHO PARK CIRCLE TOUR FROM FIELD

Comprehensive tour of Yoho Park for those with limited time at their disposal. 4 hours.

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